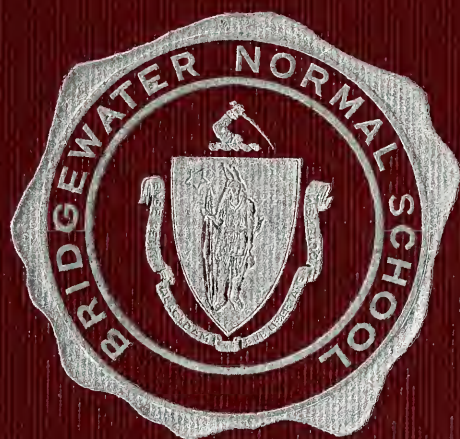


Normal Offering



1922

NORMAL OFFERING



NORMAL OFFERING

VOLUME XXIV

**A year book published by the students of the
Bridgewater Normal School under the direction of
an Editorial Board chosen by the student body.**

**Address, Business Manager, Normal Offering
Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.**


**Orders for the 1923 Offering should be placed with the Busi-
ness Manager on or before February 1, 1923.**

Printed by Arthur H. Willis

Bridgewater

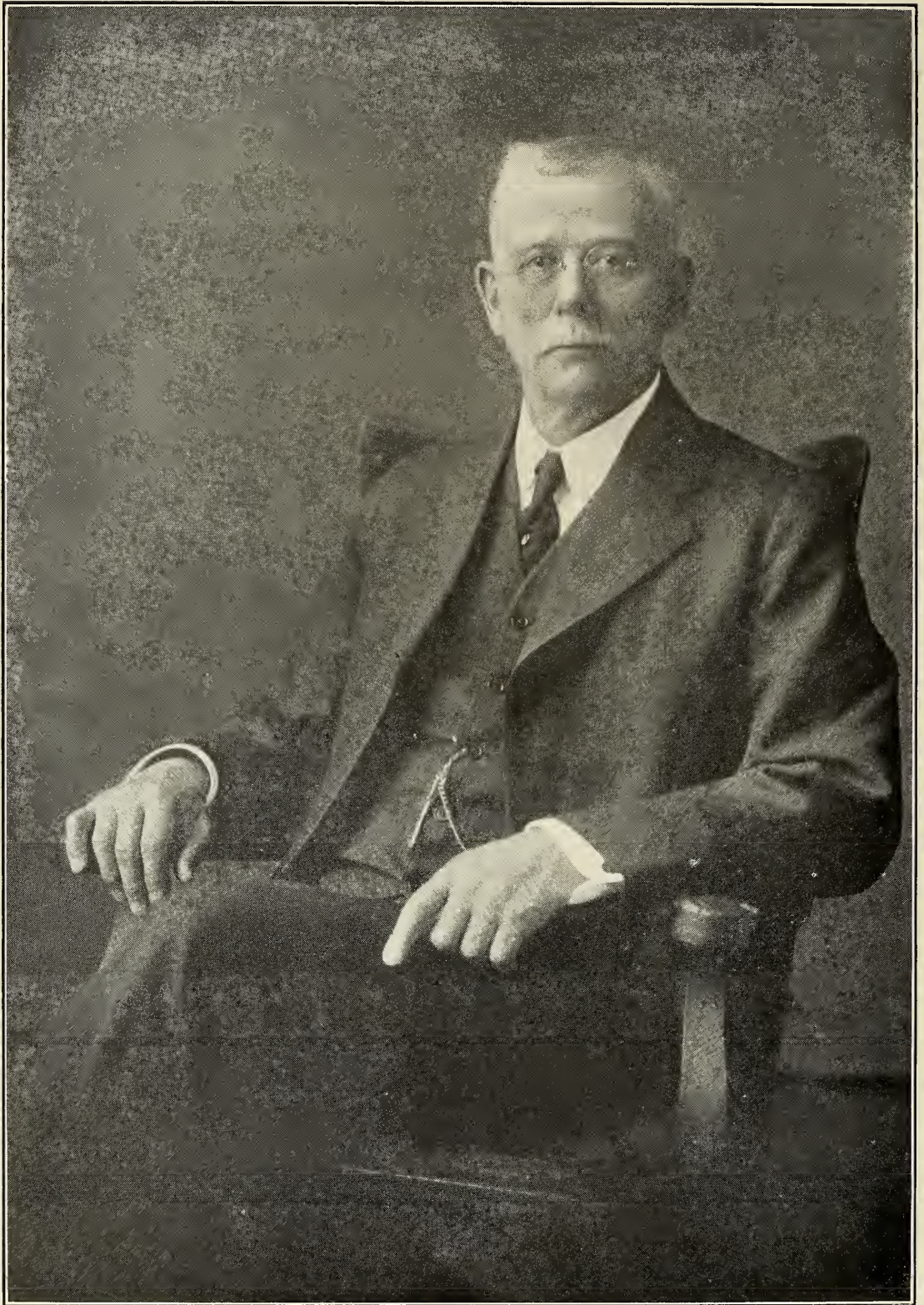
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To Charles H. Sinnott

in recognition of his services for many
years as treasurer of the Normal
Offering Board, the Yearbook of 1922
is gratefully dedicated.

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Greeting.

THE Editorial Board of the NORMAL OFFERING of 1922 heartily extends its greetings to the teachers, alumni, and fellow-students of the Bridgewater State Normal School.

We present this, the twenty-fourth annual publication of the book, trusting that you will enjoy the stories, poems, pictures, and jokes and that you will find many things among the contents which in later years will bring back pleasant memories of your days spent at Normal School.



Normal Offering Board

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Editorial

GRADUATION time! What does this mean? To the Juniors and undergraduates, it is a time of anticipation. Something wonderful is going to happen to the Seniors! The day finally arrives when the Seniors experience the glorious feeling of having at last attained the goal for which they have been striving. Nevertheless, to all the graduating members, it is a time when with all its gaiety, there is also inevitably a little tinge of sadness.

In the midst of the preparations for graduation, comes the NORMAL OFFERING. Here, dear Seniors, is the book that will dispel that touch of sadness by recalling the good times you have had and the many friends you have made. Juniors, you will find that this book will bring back the pleasant associations that you have had with the present Seniors.

It has been the aim of the Editorial Board to maintain the high standards set by the Boards of previous years, and if possible, to excel them. The result will be shown by the contents of this book.

It is not due entirely to the effort of the Board, however, that success has resulted. We called upon you, loyal students, to co-operate with us. And you did! You contributed most generously. Consequently, the fine quality of the work, which you will find here, is an achievement of which the students of Bridgewater Normal School ought to feel very proud.

We trust that there is material here which will suit your taste. Perhaps you will best enjoy the pictures or snapshots; perhaps the poems or stories will appeal to you more; or perhaps you are most interested in the French section. Then, too, there are the songs, which we have sung together so many times.

This year, a second silver cup was offered by the Editorial Board to the class contributing the best material. Competition among classes arose. We were very much pleased that almost every class entered the contest. The work of the members of three classes,—Class B, Class C, and Senior I, was considered especially worthy, and the Edi-

torial Board is grateful to them. We wish to congratulate Class B for having won the prize! The cup, suitably engraved, has been placed in the Library with the cup of last year, which was won by the same class.

The Board wishes to extend to Mr. Philander A. Gay its appreciation and thanks for his contribution to the NORMAL OFFERING. The account, the picture of the district school, and the picture of the pupils, when Mr. Gay was himself a pupil there, will prove very interesting to the students of Bridgewater Normal School, who, when they go out to begin their work in the world, will continue to keep alive that "Bridgewater Spirit" of which he speaks.

The Editor-in-Chief also wishes to express her appreciation and sincerest thanks for the help given her by the following people:

The Board extends its appreciation to Miss Peirce, Faculty Adviser, for her constant help and advice.

The encouragement of Miss Prevost and Miss Nye, in regard to the art work, is greatly appreciated by the Board.

We offer our sincere thanks to Miss Bradford for her kind assistance in the French section.

The work and untiring efforts of the Assistant Editor, Miss Dickinson, have been greatly appreciated.

It has been a great pleasure to work with such a willing and capable group as the Associate Editors have been.

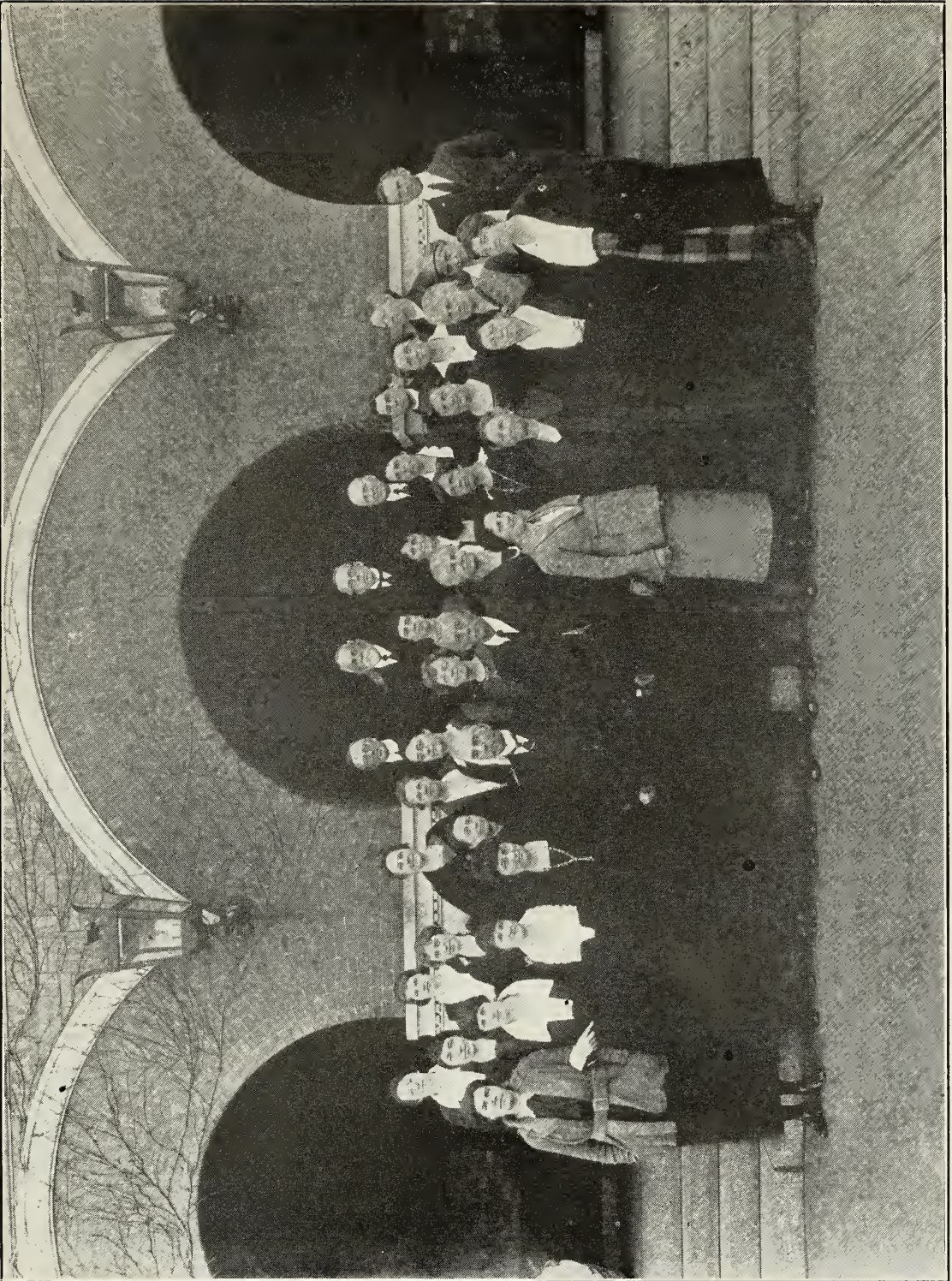
Much praise is due the Photograph Editor, Miss White, and the Art Editors, Misses Nash, McIsaac, Daniels, Yates, Minott, Brask, and Veazie for their untiring efforts and great accomplishments.

We have been very fortunate indeed to have such capable and efficient Business Managers as Miss Marble and her Assistant, Mr. Maclauchlan, to work with us.

We heartily extend our thanks to all the members of the Student Body, who contributed material.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.





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MARGARET REED, Grade II.

ISABEL J. RIDDELL, Grade IV.

RUTH E. DAVIS, Grade I.

LOUISE BORCHERS, Grades III, IV.

FLORA M. STUART, Grade I.

FRANCES P. KEYES, Kindergarten Assistant.

Changes in Normal School Faculty

MISS M. KATHARINE HILL comes to us this year as instructor in literature. She is a graduate of Emerson College and has taught in the State Normal School at East Stroudsburg, Penn. Her home is in Randolph, Mass.

As Miss Florence I. Davis resigned last June, her position as instructor in nature study was taken by Miss Pearl McCoy of Chicago. She is a graduate of the Chicago Normal School and of the University of Chicago. Besides teaching in the public schools of Chicago, she has taught in the North-Western College and McKendree College in Illinois and also in the University of Chicago.

Miss Ethel M. Knapp of Bloomington, Indiana, is taking the place of Mrs. Cleary (Miss Damon) as librarian and library instructor. Miss Knapp is a graduate of Worcester College, Ohio and also trained at the Western Reserve, Cleveland, Ohio. Before coming here, Miss Knapp did library work in the Michigan Normal School.

From Franklin, Mass., comes Miss Anna E. Roth as instructor of history. She is a graduate of Syracuse University and taught at the Central High School, Springfield, Mass. She is filling the place left by Miss Fletcher.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Hill, Miss McCoy, Miss Knapp and Miss Roth as our new instructors.

Changes in Training School Faculty

MISS MARY CONWAY of Pembroke comes to take the place of Miss Roome. Miss Conway is a graduate of Fitchburg Normal School, and she has taught in Newton and Claire, N. J. Before coming here she was principal of a school in Sharon.

Miss Margaret Reed, a graduate of Plymouth Normal School, comes to us from Concord, N. H. She has taught in the Plymouth Training School in Danbury, Conn. She is taking Mrs. Robinson's (Miss Gannett) place.

We gladly welcome Miss Conway and Miss Reed as members of the Training School Faculty.

Commencement, 1921

Promenade, June 10.

Faculty Reception, June 17.

Baccalaureate, June 19.

Graduation, June 20.

Class Day Exercises, June 20.

The Promenade

IT was with eager anticipation that the Seniors greeted the day of Friday, June 10th. Had they not waited for two or three years for this day to come? At last, "Prom" time had arrived!

It was a glorious evening for a "Prom!" The Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium was a very inviting place. It was beautifully decorated with daisies and pine boughs. Just what happened those who were not fortunate enough to attend will probably never know,—for "daisies never tell." We do know, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Boyden with the class presidents received the graduates and their guests. The "Proms" led by the class officers and "Faculty Prom," led by Mr. Boyden, took different forms. We do know, too, that everyone declared this occasion the best "Prom" ever.

H. E. M., '22.

Faculty Reception

FACULTY RECEPTION, another event which does not entirely unfold itself to others than the members of the graduating class, was held on Friday evening, June 17th, in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium. From eight until eleven, the Gymnasium was a place of merri-

ment. All agreed that the Faculty made splendid hosts and hostesses. The evening came to a close all too soon.

The graduates then assembled in the quadrangle and sang together for the last time many of the old school songs. It was a wonderful night to hear the strains of "Alma Mater" floating among her buildings. When the songs were ended, the Seniors returned to the dormitories. As soon as the last Senior was inside, the Juniors very quietly gathered on South Field. Here, a serenade was given the Seniors. Thus ended the evening, almost the last one for the Seniors, as undergraduates.

H. E. M., '22.

Baccalaureate

THE Graduating Class of 1921 gathered in Assembly Hall for Graduation Vespers, on Baccalaureate Sunday, June 19th, at four o'clock. The graduates, in their caps and gowns, made a very pleasing picture, as they marched into Assembly, singing. A very inspiring address on "Service" was given by Mr. Boyden. The Glee Club rendered several appropriate selections. The graduating class will long remember this afternoon, as one of the important days preceding Commencement.

H. E. M., '22.

Graduation

HERE, at last, was the day on which the Seniors could say that they had achieved their aim. Monday, June 20th, dawned with all the pomp and glory that is usual in June. Fathers, mothers, friends, and relatives of the graduates arrived early from all parts of New England.

Just before ten o'clock, the graduating classes marched to their seats in Assembly Hall. Mr. Boyden led the devotional exercise and the Glee Club responded. Mr. Frank V. Thompson, after being introduced by Mr. Boyden, gave a very interesting address. The diplomas were then presented by Mr. Boyden. The President of the Senior Class presented to Mr. Boyden the gift of the class, which was the sum of one hundred dollars to start a fund for the furnishing of a recreation room in Tillinghast Dormitory.

The graduates then departed, filled with inspiration for their future work.

H. E. M., '22.

Ivy March

AFTER Graduation Luncheon, served in Normal Dining Hall to the graduates and their guests by the undergraduates, both Seniors and Juniors turned their steps toward the Normal School. Meanwhile, their guests were seeking advantageous positions from which they could view the next proceedings.

Precisely on the stroke of two came the clear bugle-call—the Call to Life—by which the graduates were summoned forth. They marched out of Normal, two by two, passed under the arch of pine boughs made by the undergraduates, which signify the living strength of the school, and passed on to the Campus.

When the Campus Pond was neared, the graduates marched in a single line, joining hands, thereby forming a single chain of ivy. As they encircled the Pond, their picture was reflected in its quiet waters, symbolizing that all they do is reflected in everyday life. From over the water came the strains of “Alma Mater.”

The march then proceeded around the Cottage to Normal Hall. Here the ivy was planted and the spade was passed on to the next graduating class. After the singing of the Class Ode, the classes separated for their own Class Exercises, which terminated the Commencement program.

H. E. M., '22.

Class Day Exercises

AFTER the Ivy March, the three graduating classes assembled, the Seniors in the Gymnasium, Class A in the Assembly Hall, and K. P. 1. in the Kindergarten Room, for their respective exercises. The Class History and the Prophecy were read as special features of each program.

Then the classes separated, hoping to be reunited again at the Biennial meetings of the Alumni.

H. E. M., '22.

Social Calendar, 1921-1922

- September 16. Acquaintance Social; Hospitality Committee.
 October 11. Columbus Day Social; S. A. C.
 October 14. Japanese Social; S. A. C.
 October 28. Hallowe'en Social; Class C.
 November 9. Reception to Mrs. Boyden; S. G. A.
 December 2. Three One-Act Plays; Dramatic Club.
 December 9. Christmas Party; S. A. C.
 January 27. K. P. K. O. Social; Kindergarten-Primary Class.
 February 3. Valentine Social; Class D.
 February 10. Mardi Gras; French Club.
 February 21. Circus; Senior Class.
 March 10. Alice in Wonderland in "Through the Looking-Glass";
 Library Club.
 March 31. Girl Scout Rally.
 April 7. Modern Arabian Nights Entertainment; Class B.
 April 18. Advertisement Party; Normal Offering Board.
 April 21. Concert; Glee Club.
 April 28. Play, "The Taming of the Shrew"; Dramatic Club.
 May 12. A May Festival; Junior Class.
 June 9. Promenade; Graduating Classes.
 June 16. Faculty Reception.
 June 19. Graduation Day.
-

My Life

By Dora P. Beaton

WHENE'ER I put myself to bed,
 I think about the life I've led,
 And wonder what the people say
 And if I lead my life His way.

A District School in Massachusetts

By P. A. Gay (1869)

THIS district was in the valley of the Charles River, in the Town of Medway. The region was a wilderness when the first settlers built their homes. The first house was built near what is now River End Bridge, in 1702, by Deacon Asa Partridge; the second, near the site of the Captain Seneca Barber House, by Deacon John Barber, in 1716; and the third, a quarter of a mile below River End Bridge, near the Charles River, in 1739, by Asa Richardson. The Asa Partridge house and the Asa Richardson house are still standing, and the Richardson house is occupied by the sixth generation of Richardsons.

Asa Richardson and his son, Asa Partridge Richardson, built a grist mill on the Charles River near their home. About the year 1830 Dean Walker bought the Richardson Mill privilege and built a cotton factory. The building of the factory created a demand for dwelling houses, and soon there was a village.

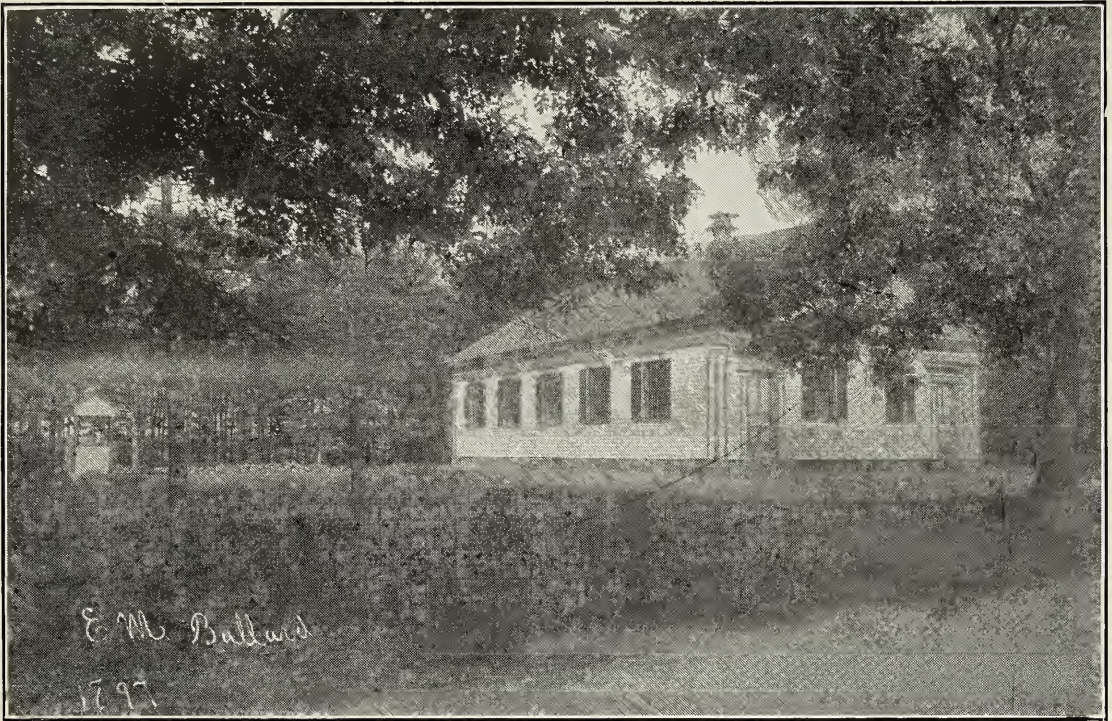
In the year 1838 a post office was established, known as Rockville, Massachusetts, and then followed various industries to supply the wants of the villagers and the farmers. A railroad was built from North Wrentham, now Norfolk, to Medway Village, and the place became a flourishing New England village.

The earliest settlers were busy with their farming, but they were not neglectful about educating their children according to the customs of their time. They had what we might now call a queer way of building and furnishing a schoolhouse. A full description could be given as follows,—a one-story frame structure, furnished with long, wooden benches, with a sort of desk in front of each, and a teacher's tall desk on a raised platform in one corner of the room.

About the year 1840 the people of Rockville discarded the old style schoolhouse and built a new one, the picture of which is shown in connection with this article. It is now in use for one of the schools of the Town of Millis, Massachusetts. It was, when first built, painted white with green blinds. It was furnished with comfortable chairs and commodious and convenient desks, each containing an inkwell. It was

heated by a furnace, and ventilated by a specially constructed ventilator. The walls were hung with maps of all parts of the world. A map of Massachusetts contained all of the counties and the towns of each county. There was a large globe, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and plenty of blackboards. There were no free textbooks or supplies. Slates were generally used instead of paper. The teacher had a large, substantial table, with a drawer for books, etc.

The schoolhouse stood in the center of a lot about two hundred feet square, which afforded ample room for play and the cultivation of



flower gardens. There was a deep well that supplied good drinking water.

There were no vacations except Saturdays. The men taught in the fall and winter, and the women in spring and summer. Probably Horace Mann would say that they were good persons, but not good teachers. But they certainly imparted to those under their charge many things that make for intelligent and noble living, and they had a way of teaching obedience and a sacred regard for truth.

When the Civil War broke out there were so many men who enlisted from this district that none were left to work the engines at a fire but

old men and women. At that time there were about sixty families. They were an industrious, thrifty, and temperate people, and also a religious community. They were intensely interested in the welfare of their children. One of their popular institutions was the Rockville Lyceum, in which many boys and men learned to discuss, intelligently, vital questions. The Lyceum also published a weekly paper, called the "Rockville Pioneer," which was edited by the girls. Nearly every housewife did her own work, and the men worked from "sun to sun." Almost all labor was done by hand. The highest wage paid to common



laborers was \$1.50; boys worked for \$.50 a day.

Some time near 1870 the factory burned, and soon after the grand old store was destroyed by fire. Nearly all of the old settlers moved away. The Village of Rockville was absorbed in the Town of Millis, and the Rockville Post Office was abolished.

From the families living in the district when the factory burned have gone out into the world two selectmen of the Town of Millis, three ministers, one doctor, one college professor, two school superintendents, two bank presidents, one noted watchmaker, two inventors, five exceptionally skillful machinists, two head salesmen in two of the

largest retail stores in Boston, eight teachers, and many others who have benefited mankind.

The first person from Rockville who graduated from Bridgewater was Willard Penniman Clark of the 27th class (1849). He taught but one term, but served several years on the school committee, thereby communicating to this region the "Bridgewater Spirit," which was kept alive for many years. He lived to the age of about eighty years, and held many important town offices.

The names of the other Bridgewater graduates are Hannah Miller, Melissa Catherine Gay, Philander Augustus Gay, Nathaniel Seaver Keay, Edward Payson Fitts, and Willard F. Jones. These graduates have rendered a total of one hundred and sixteen years of teaching service.

The Reverend Horace Walker, son of Dean Walker, was minister at the Central Square Congregational Church in Bridgewater for several years.

Thus it will be seen that there is a strong tie between Bridgewater and Old Rockville, Mass.

In closing this article, the writer wishes to give a tribute of affection to the late Albert Gardner Boyden, who was his teacher, and to his son, Arthur Clarke Boyden, whom he has known for fifty years, and who is now nobly doing his part to give "more light" to the world, with the torch that his father handed to him.

A Wish

By Adelaide H. Huard

TO be a bird, and soar on high
 When all things earthly seem distressed;
 To sail the cloud-flecked summer sky,
 When on our breasts life's cares have pressed;
 To taste the peace of heights unguessed,
 To bathe in sunset's purple glow
 And by the dying sun be blessed,
 Or greet the dawn; could this be so,
 I would be happy then, I know.

The Sons of Kham

By Adelaide H. Huard

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Kham—a wealthy merchant of Tunis.

Saki—friend of Kham, and a clever locksmith.

Omar—the eldest son.

Ufra—the second son.

Adrar—the youngest son.

*Natalie—A French maiden adopted by Kham in years past.
Prince.*

Servant and attendants.

SCENE I.

Place—Inner court-yard in the home of the merchant Kham.

Time—A spring morning.

Kham is seen sitting alone beside the fountain.

Kham (sadly): How different is this day from what I had expected! I have counted the hours until this one when I shall see my sons again; yet, how short lived will be my joy and theirs when I tell them this very night I must leave my native land and journey to the far East, perhaps never to return. Oh, fate! why must my cup of happiness savor so of bitterness?

(Servant enters at left, noiselessly, and salaams.)

Kham: Speak, boy. Has the wise Saki yet arrived?

Servant: The most learned Saki is without, master.

Kham: Bid him hurry hither, then.

(Exit servant.)

Kham: Ah, wise and noble Saki! How can I sufficiently thank you for this priceless product of your brain by which my sons shall be protected and tested?

(He crosses the courtyard to a massive marble pillar intricately carved, and seems to examine it.)

(Enter Saki, left.)

Saki: My friend, the great day has dawned at last! Let us rejoice while the sun is high and allow evening to come when it must. (*He crosses the stage and joins Kham by the marble pillar, and placing a square package in his hand, nods his head understandingly.*) The silver boxes are inside, and here are the keys to fit each box, engraved as you desired. The vessel has docked and within the hour your beloved sons will be with you.

Kham: My joy is bitter-sweet, Saki. I cannot forget that I am to say farewell so soon. The country asks such difficult things of a man that it makes him wonder whether or not he loves his sons or his prince more. It was hard enough to send them off to Paris years ago, but then the anticipation of their return mitigated my sorrow. Now . . .

Saki: Would that I could go in your stead, my friend! But there are certain missions to be entrusted to men of worth and valor. Our prince has singled you out. I am not worthy of the honor.

Kham: That is not true, Saki. But I shall cease this lamenting! Tell me (*he taps the pillar with his knuckles*); is the lock set? How cunningly the carving lends itself to the secret door!

(*Enter at left, a tall, graceful maiden, richly dressed,
who crosses stage to pillar.*)

Saki: Yes, the lock is timed; and it would take a keen eye to discover our little secret.

Natalie (bows and smiles at Saki, and slips her arm into that of Kham): Godfather, from my window I saw the carriage nearing the brow of the hill. I am sure it is they!

Kham: Dear child, one would believe that Omali Pasha himself were expected, so beautifully are you dressed to welcome my sons!

(*The sons of Kham enter, at left. Exit Natalie, at right.
The father embraces them*)

Kham: My sons, welcome to your home! I trust that it will be as dear to you now, as it was before you left for Paris.

Omar: We have shaken the dust of the continent from our feet and have come back to our native Algeria, eager to taste again of its joys and pleasures.

Kham: May your hopes be realized, Omar.

Adrar (standing beside his father): Father, they will; they must. With you here to direct our enterprises we will conquer the world.

Saki (affectionately): Ambitious youth!

Ufra: We have learned many things.

Adrar: But where is Natalie?

Kham: Natalie was here but a moment ago, heralding your approach. So modest a maiden seeks a more propitious time to greet you, *Adrar*.

Adrar (turning to right): I will seek her.

Kham: No, my son, stay. (*He claps his hands; a servant appears.*) Tell the Lady Natalie that we would see her in the courtyard. (*Servant salaams, exit.*) I have something of importance to impart to you. It is well that the world has taught you great things. In the future you will be obliged to depend upon your own wisdom. For diplomatic reasons the Government has seen fit to send me to the East. I start by caravan tonight, perhaps never to return.

Omar: We shall go with you!

Kham: That, *Omar*, is impossible.

Adrar: But surely you will return, father.

Kham: I fear, my lad, that if I return it will not be for a long time. Accordingly, I have settled my affairs. I have placed my money so that for five years you will all have a sufficient allowance. Each one of you is prepared for business. I have also made my will. (*He opens the casket, and gives to each son a small silver box and a key.*) This is my legacy. But it has one condition. Under no circumstance are you to open your box until five years have elapsed. If after five years I am not here, you may satisfy your curiosity, and then only.

Omar, Ufra: It is understood, father.

Adrar: Your trust is sacred with us.

(*Enter Natalie. Adrar goes forward to meet her and leads her by the hand to his father.*)

Adrar: Father, I would yet another gift. Natalie has promised to be my wife. Will you give your consent?

Kham: What! You have but just arrived. How do you know but that Natalie has changed her mind since you left for Paris? (*Tenderly.*) What do you say to this impetuous youth, Natalie?

Natalie (shyly): It is as he says, Godfather.

Kham: So be it then, my children. Let us celebrate in due form.

SCENE II.

Place —The court-yard.

Time—Three years have elapsed.

Omar and Ufra are seen pacing to and fro.

Ufra: No news from the East and our fortunes are fast dwindling! What think you the silver boxes contain, brother? A little gold at this time would re-establish me in Tunis.

Omar (laughing unpleasantly): A little more gold to lure the unwary, eh, Ufra? (*He shrugs his shoulders.*) As for the contents of the box, I am sure that there is gold or its equivalent therein. It was a foolish fancy that prompted our father to hamper our legacy by a time bond.

Ufra: But I tell you, Omar, I need the money or I shall be ruined! If you are so certain that we are all to come into a fortune, lend me the money I need and I will repay you when the five years are complete.

Omar (coldly): I have no money to lend you, brother. If you are in such dire need, only a whimsical command separates you from plenty.

Ufra: You advise me to break my pledge?

Omar: I advise nothing. But since in everyday's business you do not shrink from dishonesty . . . why should you in this?

Ufra (angrily): You accuse me of being a thief! What of yourself, my brother, what of Biskra, what of Ain Safra?

Omar: I accuse you of nothing. I am simply stating the facts of the case. But from your mood I should say that I had misjudged you. (*Sarcastically.*) Your bond to our father is sacred. (*Bowing low.*) I beg forgiveness,

Ufra (semi-pacified): Adieu, Omar. I must hasten to the bazaar.
(*Exit Ufra, left.*)

(*Omar, chuckling, draws from his tunis the silver box.*)

Omar: You shall hold your secret from me no longer, little treasure house! If Algeria cannot countenance the wealth you reveal, there is Egypt or Paris. (*He opens the box, draws from it a large golden key, and reads the inscription.*) "Key to the lotus flower carved in the marble pillar of the court-yard."

Omar: Ah ha! Certainly I did well to keep my mind in suspense no longer.

(*He finds the key-hole but the door does not open.*)

Omar: By the graces! It will not open!

(Enter Natalie and Adrar at left. Omar conceals the box and key hurriedly and remains in the shadow of the pillar.)

Adrar: I tell you, Natalie, father must be sought. I can no longer live here in happiness, fearing that he is ill or uncared for in some far land.

Natalie: But where would you go in search of him? Your letters have always been returned.

Adrar: Do you know, my dear, I have sometimes thought that in the silver box the secret lay! Had not father commanded otherwise, I should be tempted to see for myself.

Natalie: You think perhaps that your father, fearing that he might never return, entrusted to that little box, the secret of his whereabouts so that you might seek him? No, Adrar, no. Do not let your curiosity tempt you in the guise of virtue.

Adrar (musing): And again, Natalie, the climate is killing you. If the box contains gold, we might leave this tropical heat and go to Nice. But as it is

Natalie: Why think of the box at all, Adrar? The temptation to satisfy your curiosity will become an obsession.

Adrar: You wrong me, my wife. Curiosity to see the contents of the box is not my motive. My father's command is more sacred than all the hidden treasures of the world. But I am worried.

Natalie: I believe you. But I assure you that what you wish to learn the box cannot reveal.

Adrar: Natalie! What do you mean?

Natalie: Only this. Last night here in the court-yard I saw Ufra open his box and find therein a key.

Adrar: A key!

Natalie: He was disappointed. His face was horrible to behold in the moonlight.

Adrar: He must have been sorely tempted.

Omar (aside): So, my cunning Ufra. That was your little game!
(Exit Omar unobserved.)

Natalie: You would excuse him, Adrar?

Adrar: He is to be pitied. But for father's sake, let us at least be faithful.

SCENE III.

Place—The same.

Time—Two years later.

Adrar is seated by the fountain, musing.

Adrar: The time is passed. If my father should return today, he would have reason to be sad. Where is Omar? Where is Ufra? One buried in the Caspian, the other wandering no one knows where. Natalie! Natalie!

(Enter Natalie, carrying silver box.)

Natalie: Here is the box with the key. Let us open it by the pillar here.

Adrar: What can it contain, Natalie? I confess, I am consumed with curiosity. *(They open the box, find the golden key, fit it into the lotus flower, and the door swings open. Adrar draws from the cavity a scroll of parchment drawn through a beautiful ruby ring. He reads):*

“Beloved Sons:

Long years ago, our noble prince committed a grave political indiscretion while a young student in Turkey. According to Turkish law such an act should be punished by a term of five years’ imprisonment. Our prince returned to Algeria, a wiser man but unpunished, and for years nothing was said. But just before your return from Paris, relations between the two countries became strained and the old matter was revived. To save our prince from indignity I have taken his guilt upon my shoulders and have gone to serve his term. If I should die before that term expires, you are to present this ruby ring to our prince when the five years are over. May fate be kind; and may I be with you ere you read this!”

(They stand silent. A noise is heard without. The sound of cheering fills the street, “Long live the Prince! Long live our Governor! Long live Kham!” The door opens. Enter Prince, Saki, and Kham, followed by numerous attendants.)

Kham: My son!

Adrar: Father! *(They embrace.)*

Prince: Your father has come back to you and was this morning named governor of Tunis. But I believe his greatest happiness is in finding you faithful, Adrar.

Kham: This is indeed the happiest moment of my life. Ah, Natalie, my daughter! *(He kisses her forehead.)*

Saki (bowing low): The feast is ready. Let us rejoice!

The Silver Buckles

By Elizabeth Shaw

NIGHT was falling in the little village of Haar. The last weary traveler had slipped stiffly from his mount's back; the last drooping beast had been led to the tavern stable. Within the tavern, candles flickered bravely and a huge fireplace gave warm welcome to the tired guests. Over in one corner a wandering minstrel idly thrummed his instrument and sang strange songs from far-off villages. A group of shepherds were teasing the inn-keeper's daughter in a rough, good-natured way.

In another corner, separated from his fellows, crouched a strange figure. Despite the cheering warmth of the room, he had his cloak wrapped tightly about him. The cloak itself was nothing out of the ordinary; made of stout leather and showing some usage, there was but one thing wherein it differed from others. Gleaming sharply in the ruddy glow of the fire, shone a heavy silver buckle. This buckle, which was most curiously wrought, was used to fasten the cloak. The man, as he crouched there aloof, fingered the buckle with now a smooth, caressing touch, and now a nervous, impatient clasp. He rose and peered through the heavy shutters out into the dismal night, and muttered beneath his breath. Returning to his humble stool, with a curious, mysterious smile, he listened to the wailing of the winds, the creaking and cracking of the boughs of the great oaks which sheltered the tavern, and the distant halloo of some sturdy peasant who was returning homeward.

* * * * *

All day long the strong north wind had swept down into the little valley, increasing in violence with the passing of every hour. The peasants early closed and barred their shutters that night, shaking their heads, and then hurried to their fireside warmth and peace. With the coming of darkness, the wind changed its low menacing note to a high, diabolical scream as it whistled down the roaring chimneys. It raged with helpless impotence against the sturdy doors, and sought

with shrewd cunning some forgotten crack. The oaks of the Haar forest wrestled mightily with their ancient foe, and through the woods echoed now and anon the crash of some fallen giant. The interlacing boughs on the swaying trees seemed lifted to the heavens in an agony of appeal. But no answer came save the mocking laughter of the howling wind.

Far up above the valley, clinging to a ledge on the barren, rocky hillside, stood a worn, slowly crumbling hut. The stone chimney had partly fallen down and scarce a stone remained over the moss-covered roof. The windows were stuffed with rags or filled with boughs and bark, and the door was propped with a heavy bough and a pile of stones. One rusted hinge clung still to the rotted wood; the other lay half buried in the pebbles before the door. A more desolate scene could scarcely be found. A tiny wisp of smoke filtered up through the broken chimney, only to be swept helplessly away by the hurrying wind. Through the cracks in the old crumbling walls could be seen a vague, flickering light.

Inside the hut crouched an old, wrinkled woman beside the dying blaze. The tiny darts of flame, as they ventured cautiously around the half-burned log, lighted up the strange, dark face and made even more horrible the scars which were deeply engraved there. Her sunken eyes seemed to glow with a strange excitement, as she clutched with her bony hand her tattered rags, holding them more tightly about her. She seemed to be listening intently for something. As the wailing blast smote the rude hut and, screaming vengeance, whistled through the half protected windows, a hollow cackle cracked forth occasionally from her thin lips. She rocked back and forth, now crooning a weird melody, and now chuckling in strange enjoyment. Her half-lighted, dismal room was ill-furnished; there was almost nothing. A rickety old rocking chair with the back half gone, a battered box apparently used as table and shelf, and an ancient stool on which the unfortunate woman crouched,—these were all. In the corners of the room were dark heaps of rags, bottles, and pieces of fire-wood.

Suddenly the woman rose. She crossed the floor slowly, her grotesque shadow wavering ominously on the bare wall before her. Her bones were stiff with cold and age, and she grumbled with the pain. She stopped near a window and poked her bony hand into a cobweb-filled recess. She seemed to grope for a moment, then with a

soft articulation drew something out. She walked painfully back to the slowly dying fire, with the object pressed close against her tattered shawl. As she bent beside the low blaze, the object glowed faintly in the flickering light. A strange, soft expression crept across the time-worn face. Her eyes lost their stony glare and glowed with suppressed excitement and emotion. She lifted the object slowly to her lips.

It was a heavy silver buckle, most curiously wrought. As she clasped it tightly in her bony fingers, memories of long ago surged within her. The barren room faded and she sat in queenly splendor on a high throne. The vast throne-room was crowded with fair ladies and gallant noblemen. At her side stood her lord and king, talking some gay nonsense to her, the while idly playing with a gorgeous, jewel-set girdle. The girdle was fastened with two heavy silver buckles.

Suddenly there was a pause;—a hushed silence fell over the gay throng, as the heavy doors were thrown open. A breathless, nearly spent courtier flung himself, all covered with mud and dust as he was, at the foot of the throne. Panting, he told news of disaster. The army defeated,—treason among the ranks,—the traitor himself in the throne,—all hope gone for the kingdom! The king and queen must flee for their lives!

The king's voice rang out! The throng quickly scattered, and the king and queen were alone. With a quick motion he tore the buckles from his girdle, and giving her one and taking the other, he said farewell. They must each assume a disguise and hide among the people.

Here her thoughts wavered as she remembered hearing of his capture, and later on of the rumors of his escape, and as she recalled her own weary years of hiding and wandering. And now,—with a start the poor old woman took her eyes from the buckle and glanced about the rude hut. Shivering, she wrapped her ragged shawl closer. Minutes slowly crept by, as her head drooped lower and lower. The fire was almost gone.

Then with a strange cry she leaped to her feet. With outstretched arms she cried, "He has come at last. O God, let me go to him!" As her cry rang out, her frail form seemed to collapse and she fell to the floor. The fire had gone out. A sighing wind crept down the chimney. The fluttering ashes rose and softly fell over the quiet figure.

It was daybreak at the Inn. The jovial innkeeper whistled cheerfully as he busied himself at his tasks. He strode at length over to the lone, crouching stranger to wake him and tell him that morning had come. Still clutched lightly in his cold fingers shone the buckle. The innkeeper stooped, and roughly catching him by the shoulder, shook him. The man stirred not. With an oath the innkeeper knelt and looked into his face. The man was dead.

Silence

By Adelaide H. Huard

WITHIN the shadow of man's finite being
Hovers a spirit, so benignly fair,
That weary mortals, care and turmoil fleeing,
Find peace and strength and comfort, and do wear
The splendor of its presence. E'en the past
Melts to a mist and vanishes away;
And Time gives Silence empire for the day.

The Lure of the South Seas

By S. Louise Dickinson

THROUGH all my life I've never been
Beyond these bleak New England skies.
I've never heard the boom of surf
On coral reefs; nor watched the rise
Of mellow tropic moon; nor seen
Slender and black against the rose
Of South Sea sunrise, graceful palms;
Nor, when the raging typhoon blows,
Trembled with high, ecstatic joy.
Yet oft when in the silent night
I see the march of distant stars
Before the moon, serene and white,
And see the Dipper's stately wheel
Above the black waves heave and toss
Around the steady, blue Pole Star,
I'm homesick for the Southern Cross.

A Trick of Fate

By Ailene McGough

“JOHN JEREMIAH BALTHASAR SMITH, what have you in your pockets now? I declare to goodness, I never did see such collections of trash. The next time I catch your pockets like that I’ll sew them up! Empty them now and throw the truck away.”

“Trash! Truck!” snorted John indignantly. “Why, all this stuff is good.”

“Yes, good for nothing. Take it out or I’ll sew your pockets up now.”

At this dire threat, John J. slowly and mournfully began to remove the things from his pockets and to lay them in a dismal little heap on the table. First came two glass agates, then a pen-knife in fairly good condition, a policeman’s button, a mass of tangled twine, and two little lead figures.

“John ——!” continued Mrs. Smith. She was going to say more, but the voice of the lady next door called her to the back fence. John took advantage of his mother’s disappearing skirts, by gathering up his treasures, along with two cookies, and then he bolted for the front door.

Outside, he breathed a sigh of relief. But after a moment’s thought, he decided to get the lay of the land, and find out whether or not he could go down the street without his mother’s seeing him. She, he found, was busily talking to the lady next door and was in a favorable position for his maneuver.

“Isn’t it a shame!”

John stopped his stealthy retreat. A detective, he reasoned, would stop for a clue.

“Yes,” these were the next words he heard, “I know John will be disappointed.”

Oh, so it concerned him! All the more reason for listening!

“I know it’s hard to give up the idea of having a turkey, but with the present price, it’s impossible. Imagine, five dollars for a turkey!

That's what they're charging for a good-sized one. Well, we'll have to give thanks over a roast of pork or a leg of lamb."

The summer skies darkened and the midday sun sank,—where, John did not know nor care to find out. A measly leg of lamb instead of a fat turkey! It wouldn't be Thanksgiving without one. After all the boasting he had done in school, to come home and hear this! It was too much to bear.

John found himself in the street walking in a dazed way toward town. He couldn't earn five dollars in the short time before Thanksgiving. Oh, if he could only find a purse or save a train!

"'Lo, Johnnie."

Wrapped in his thoughts as he was, John recognized this voice as belonging to the town's "model boy," Twiller Heywood. Twiller was a trial to John. He was always being held up a virtuous model, and, instead of being inspired, John was thoroughly disgusted with this "good boy."

"'Lo, yourself; see how you like it," sulked John J.

Twiller was not to be rebuffed. He had news to tell which would startle John, he knew.

"Oh, you ought to see what I have in my yard! Something you haven't."

John seemed bored by this chattering magpie. Why wasn't he left alone with his sorrow?

"I've the biggest turkey in town. And it's *alive* too."

John was a model of incredulity.

"You don't have to believe me unless you want to. Come on over to my yard and see for yourself."

Needless to say, John went.

* * * * *

An hour later a lone figure walked out of the Heywood grounds, and out upon the country road. John wanted to be alone with his humiliation. The fact that Twiller did really possess such a wonderful bird rankled in his soul. He followed a path which led off from the road. It was hardly distinguishable, but John knew it. This was his secret. The path led to a little glade in the forest which bordered the road. There was a circular hummock in the center of the space, around which were oddly shaped stones. John seated himself thereon and gave himself up to his dreary thoughts.

That night John dreamt of a garnished turkey which, just as he was about to take it, was snatched up, and carried away by a leg of lamb whose accomplice was a portly shoulder of pork.

* * * * *

The next day was an important one. Professor Gray, who had studied the lives and history of the Indians for many years, was to give a lecture to the school. He had many interesting specimens with him.

John did not pay much attention to the lecture. He was thinking of Twiller's triumph. Twiller had been imitating his turkey at recess, to the admiration of the class, and to John's disgust. Anyway, John wasn't interested in bowls or mixing spoons which had belonged to people who were dead now. So he decided not to listen.

He had been sitting, with his mind far away, when the words of the Professor brought him back.

"This," the Professor was saying, "is an Indian tomahawk."

"Tomahawk!—It's only a stone; that's what it is. I know where there are a lot like that"

The teacher started and looked toward the rear of the room. The Professor stopped in the middle of his speech. All the pupils stared, open-mouthed, at John.

And John? He was dumbfounded and surprised. He felt unnecessarily large. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The floor seemed miles away, and he could not possibly reach it with his foot. He thought that he was sinking, sinking. Then he felt his heart give a thump; he was tongue-tied, red faced, and bashful.

"Where are they, my lad?"

It was the Professor who was speaking. John looked from the Professor to the teacher and back again. Then he found his tongue and what he said seemed to be of great importance, according to the Professor's looks.

Events followed fast. John led the Professor to the glade in the forest. Men set to work to dig up the hummock. They brought to light many interesting things, which John considered worse truck than his treasures which his mother disliked. The Professor, however, was delighted. He said it was the grave of an Indian chief and called John "a fine little fellow" and "a most observant boy."

In a few days John was presented with a check, the amount of which made him gasp. The money was put in the bank, but not quite

all. John and his mother went to the market, where John picked out the plumpest and noblest of all the turkeys. It made Twiller Heywood's seem like a sparrow in contrast. The leg of lamb was banished to the end of the town where it found a welcome in the home of some poor children.

Evening

By Lucile Dix

THE sun has slowly disappeared from sight;
 The rosy clouds are fading into night;
 A cooling, soft, refreshing evening breeze
 Is stirring gently in the leafy trees,
 And in the woods the tired birds now sing.
 The world must stop to rest, and comfort bring
 To sleepy children who must cease their play,
 After the bustle of the busy day.

Vision

By Alice E. Dickinson

I SAW them, slim and lithe and straight,
 Dancing and whirling in the sun,
 Their shiny hair in burnished clouds,
 Their faces radiant with fun.

And while I watched, my wonder grew
 As on they spun in reckless mood;
 Their rounded arms were tossing free;
 Their laugh was ringing through the wood.

I hurried back to tell my friend
 That all the wood-nymphs were not dead;
 Upon the green their bacchanals
 Had Queen Titania at the head.

But scorn came to my comrade's face;
 And as I watched the wood-nymphs play,
 She smiled and said, "You silly child,
 I see those birches every day!"

Poems in Prose

By Adelaide H. Huard

Sunset

ALL the world has its sunsets. Who said, "Behold the sky of Naples and die?" But I have seen a sunset so beautiful, so lavish in color, that Nature herself could not seem to do more. It was behind Mount Hope that the golden rim of the sun had sunk; and into the waters of the Bay a scarlet shadow was flung. In the distance, where the hills lost their heads in a sea of amethyst clouds, row upon row of houses stood, so similar in whiteness in the glowing light that I thought of the hills of Rome and marble ruins. Far up in the blue heavens fleecy, rose-dipped ghosts of clouds floated, reflecting themselves in the red-gold waters. The picture was not set. With each successive moment the scene was robed in new splendor; and little by little, the trees on the shore cast longer shadows, darker and more mysterious, till the mountain seemed enveloped in a purple mist.

The Ocean

I have often wondered why it is that some natures find exquisite enjoyment in vast and awful places. There are those who seek the peace of the quiet forest where gigantic trees stand for miles and miles in unbroken, unbending majesty. On the heights of lofty, snow-clad mountains whose rocky sides are as ancient as the universe and invincible against storm and time alike, some have found peace. Yet, where in all these vastnesses, in which men so humble themselves before nature, does one find more perfect self-effacement than on the ocean? What are the dizzy depths of the canyon compared to the immensity in which the heavens and the sea meet, circumscribing about the speck that man becomes, one infinite, incalculable kingdom of space? The browns of the rocks, the greens of the hills, the golds of the flowers are duplicated and given off in smooth, ever-changing magnificence, as the bosom of the sea rises and falls in rhythmic undulation. There are storms everywhere; but there is no storm so

unrelenting, so all-powerful, so merciless as the storm at sea. Mingled in the cry of the wind and the roar of the waves are the lashings and moanings of the forest, the crashings and rumblings of smashing precipices; and out from the very heart of the turmoil come the shriekings of its innumerable, untold victims.

Clouds

One afternoon in August while sailing down Mount Hope Bay in the "Speedaway," I decided to try the view from the cabin roof. With my arms for a pillow, and polished wood for a couch, I journeyed through immensity as truly as ever did swallow or sea-gull. I tried to pierce the azure mantle which infinity had cast high above the water, but its height made me dizzy with ecstasy. Drawn across the western horizon was a veil of gauze, delicate, ephemeral. But higher in the heavens were gigantic mountains of snowy mist, white with a radiance that hurt the eye. They sailed along with me, these spectral continents of heaven; and as they passed one by one across the face of the sun, they were transfigured and broken up. Some moved on in stately entirety still; others were marvels of light and shade; and then again, there were those which faded in the blue like stealthy souls swallowed in eternity.

Our Campus

Did you ever watch a draper roll out yards and yards of rich velvet, and marvel at the depth of texture it suggested? Lady Nature has done likewise. From her treasure house of beauties she has released an abundance of soft green velvet brocaded in yellow, which, stretching out in luxuriance unlimited, forms a carpet for our heedless feet to tread on. And, as if delighted with her work and eager to reflect her smiling countenance, she fashioned a mirror for herself in the lovely place. Trees there are and shrubs, trees full and sturdy that have caught the sunlight in their branches and that seem to hold out their arms in hearty welcome, trees that have clustered about the sky-blue water to nod their heads at Nature's image there reflected.

Music

It is no doubt difficult to say why we like one thing or another. It pleases or satisfies us, and we say we like it. It may be its color, or its

shape, or its taste, or fragrance. If it is something tangible, it is most certainly one of these reasons. Yet what of music? Out of the silence comes a sound in joyful cadence or in minor melancholy. Man's clamor is hushed; his work is interrupted, forgotten; the petty worries and cares of life slip from his shoulders like a cloak discarded for the warmth of the sunshine. He basks in the flood of harmony. His spirit, which has been burdened with the leaden hours of time, soars into infinite realms of peace. All material things are left behind. And then, the music ceases. The sounds have traveled back from whence they came. Where? Who knows? They pass through a world of strife unsullied, these messengers of heavenly peace, these harbingers of joy to come.

Heaven

How can I write of Heaven, which is eternal, while I am limited by time? What joys and future bliss can I imagine, I, who have but the memory of fleeting, transitory moments of sweet surprises, made bitter by their contrast with things earthly and painful? But this I know: the strange desire for happiness which fills the heart of a mortal and urges him on from one source of joy to another, vainly striving to satiate his thirst unquenchable,—this ceaseless urge is but the memory and continuation of the faith our ancestors have left us, a premonition of what the good Father has prepared for His children. As in music is hidden the germ of indescribable bliss, so in the heart of the rose, the beauty of the heavens, the brilliance of the stars, and the mystery of the dawn,—in all these things is the harmony which is surely the law of Heaven; for harmony implies gentleness, peace, love, and consequently, joy incomparable.

If a Junior Meet a Senior

(Tune, "Coming Thru the Rye")

IF a Junior meet a Senior, need the Junior mind?
 But some way to know the Senior must that Junior find,
 For every Senior was a Junior and had her days of trial;
 So when a Junior meets a Senior, make that Senior smile.

The Clan Gillespie

By Louise Ivers

OLD DUNCAN GILLESPIE trudged along the barren road that bordered the top of the plateau. As he plodded on, he was thinking of the days of long ago when the Clan Gillespie was the most influential one in Scotland. Since then times had changed! He recalled how his father, Bruce Gillespie, had once led the daring band of his relatives into a rival chieftain's realm. How well Duncan remembered the day when his father, followed by his faithful relatives and many friends, had entered the castle! How sad he had felt that illness kept him from accompanying them, and later, how elated he had been at the outcome of the expedition! Vividly he recalled the tale as told by one of the youths who had journeyed with the warriors.

"When first we came in sight of the magnificent fortress of the McIvors, all seemed peaceful and serene. As we galloped daringly up to the moat, your father blew his horn and we all shouted to the inmates to come out and surrender, else they would be killed. The only answer was a taunting laugh, which seemed to come from the sky above us. There on one of the parapets stood a most beautiful girl. Your father cried to her to descend into the courtyard and seek shelter in one of the rooms. 'You see,' he warned her, 'we are Clan Gillespie and we will not depart until we have subdued the McIvors!'

"We all noticed that the taunting ceased and the expression on her face changed to one of bewilderment at the word 'Gillespie,' but we did not give it more than a passing thought. Soon the girl disappeared.

"Your father began to be impatient and ordered the attack to begin. We stormed the castle, but to no avail. Then we drew off a little to one side to confer. After a few moments, just as Sir Gillespie was saying, 'If only the drawbridge were down!' his attention was attracted by a flash of white, which appeared at one of the turret windows. He called to us, but we could see nothing. We advanced toward the gate of the castle, and again halted at the brink of the moat. We stood there silently.

"Suddenly, as if by magic, the drawbridge began to descend

slowly! Halfway it came and then stopped. We heard a muffled scream from behind the wall. Delaying no longer, Sir Gillespie ordered a ladder to be brought and stretched from the brink of the moat to the edge of the half-lowered drawbridge. Up the ladder scrambled the entire clan. At intervals we could hear screams from within the castle. It sounded as though someone were endeavoring to choke a woman, but we could not stop for such trifles. We rushed on to the gate and battered it; then we swarmed into the courtyard.

“There a peculiar scene was being enacted. Near the lever, which lowered the drawbridge, stood the girl whom we had seen on the parapet. She had in her hands an iron rod with numerous points protruding from it. She stood with her back against the wall, facing a band of sturdy McIvors. They were crowding around her in order to try to lift up the bridge so as to crush us between the gates and the heavy floor. She kept them at bay, however, by swinging the rod from side to side.

“When we entered, they immediately surrendered because they valued their lives more than their clan.”

* * * * * *

Here Duncan's reminiscence ceased, for coming to meet him was Flora, his wife, old like himself, but still beautiful. She it was who, on that stirring occasion of long ago, had for love of him, bravely saved the day for the Gillespies.

“What difference does it make,” thought old Duncan, “whether Clan McIvor dissolved or not, as long as Flora and I have each other and are happy?”

He expressed this thought to his wife, who agreed, adding, “Yes, Duncan, what does it matter? How much better harmony is than perpetual strife!”

Little Brother

By Bennie Goldman, Grade 8

Little brother with eyes of blue,
Don't you know that I love you?
You are happy and I am gay.
So come, dear brother, and let us play.

Flowers

My Garden

By Adelaide H. Huard

I have a little garden
Where, hidden 'neath the trees,
Blossoms bright and golden
Attract the droning bees.

The grass is soft as velvet,
A cool and restful green,—
A richer, smoother carpet
I'm sure you've never seen.

There are mignonette so fragrant
And phlox and poppies bright
And blue-eyed morning glories
That close right up at night.

Hidden away in the shadow
Nestles Virginia stock,
And graceful as any willow
Stands the stately hollyhock.

I love my little garden
So quiet does it seem;
But alas! my little garden
Is nothing but a dream.

Coming of the Flowers

By Olive Minott

Oh come, ye flow'rs from out your buds
To make life's road more bright and
 gay;
Ye lovely blossoms, come in floods
To hold us in your gentle sway.

Now all your blossoms pure and sweet
Send forth with beauty once again,
And with your smiling faces greet
Us all from wood and moor and fen.

The Mayflower

By Margaret Tubman

After cold winter's work is done,
When the warm spring winds bring an
 April shower,
'Mid the forest leaves now kissed by
 the sun
Springs into bloom the sweet mayflower.

Fragrant and pure is the blossom fair,
Growing alone 'neath the sheltering
 tree.

Whose were the hands that placed it
 there?

Why was it planted for you and me?

Symbol of purity, strength, and love,—
This is the story the flower would tell:
"I am a gift from Heaven above,
To brighten the earth, where man doth
 dwell."

To the Violet

By Lucile Dix

O modest, dainty little flower
That blooms in gardens green,
When man invades your verdant bower,
Most lovely sights are seen.

You do not thrust your beauty forth
For all the world to view,
But shrinking, hide your pretty face,
Sparkling with morning dew.

You teach us all a lesson now:
That we, when hidden so,
Should do our best where'er we are;
The world our worth will know.

To the Daffodil

By Ida Gattrell

O yellow daffodil so bright,
We greet thee for thy cheerfulness;
Perceiving all thy radiant light,
We hail thee, queen of loveliness.

Thou for us all a lesson hast,
O thou, sweet, golden daffodil:
That we along life's changing path
Should other lives with gladness fill.

Lilies of the Valley

By Mary H. Benson

O lilies of the valley
A-nodding in the dell,
With faces turning westward,
Your secret to me tell.

Why is it that you hide there
So solemn, sweet, and shy,
'Neath leaves so large and airy?
Oh, tell me, tell me why!

Yellow Adder's Tongue

By Edith F. Harding

In the cool and pleasant forest,
When the birds' first songs were sung,
Grew a dainty little flower
Called the yellow adder's tongue.

With its blossoms golden yellow
There it stood, its face toward God,
Giving joy to all who saw it
In the meadows where men trod.

Sheep's Laurel

By Alice Story

To you, O beautiful sheep's laurel red,
I sing these meager praises far and
wide.

When flowers are growing in their
grassy bed

And after robins to the north have fled,
You come upon the hillside, near the
tide,

Or mayhap cover ev'ry inch of dale.
Where'er you are, your beauty is my
pride;

In season I am ever on your trail,
For then I gather armsful without fail.

The Buttercups

By Marion C. Deady

Across the meadow far and wide
Extends one great and mystic tide
Of buttercups as bright as gold;
To all, their beauty they unfold.

Lady's Slipper

By Pearl Currier

Lady's slipper, with your charm
Decking wood and hill and farm,
You are sweeter than all balm.

Children pluck you in the spring;
Gladly do they jump and sing
When you're found in clump or ring.

Not a thing is more unique,
Even hill or mountain peak,
Than our lady's slipper meek.

To an Oriental Poppy

By Flora Douglas

O radiant splendor, pure and bright,
O flower of richest crimson hue
That fills the wanderer with delight
And makes life's glories bloom anew
In ever-growing, fresh review!
Be thou our beacon from the hill,
Our watchfire in the morning dew,
And in the fading dusk glow still
With beauty fair to charm and thrill.

The Daisy

By Florence Davis

Petals white as snowflakes,
Hearts of purest gold,
What a wealth of beauty
Your dainty flowers unfold!

Oh, that we poor mortals,
Who live for more than a day,
Might bloom as the simple daisy
That grows by the side of the way.

The Rose

By Rose Mary McIsaac

O queen of flowers! man's delight,
Sweet flower of beauty wondrous, rare,
Oh! where is there more glorious sight
Than thou, dear one, so free from care?
No flowers on earth with thee compare.
Caresses soft and love e'er shine
From thy bright presence ever fair;
Thy heavenly perfume, rose divine,
Sweetens the air of nature's shrine.

Fog-bound

By S. Louise Dickinson

THE heavy, smothering fog hung in a dripping white curtain around our tiny cabin on the desolate, rocky Maine coast. It isolated us from the cheery everyday world. We could hear occasionally a dog barking, the sound being magnified by the mist, and always in our ears was the dull monotone of the heavy surf, creaming on the rocks.

It was my turn to row the two miles for the milk, and I set out from the camp apprehensively. A dozen steps and I was cut off from all mankind by the motionless wall of fog. I entered the boat and shipped the oars with some hesitation. A heavy sea was running, and the harbor was blotted from view. But reluctance to face the derision of my friends urged me on. I had hardly rowed beyond the first line of breakers, when the shore line completely disappeared.

I was alone in a vast grey-white void upheld by the surging green-grey water, out of reach of time or event. Always in my ears were the voice of the surf and the thin plaintive cries of the gulls.

It seemed decades that I had rowed in that eternity of fog, and ages since I had heard a human voice, when suddenly the tone of the breakers changed, becoming deeper, heavier, ominous. At the same time the boat was caught in a black cross-current, flowing with the strength and speed of a mill race,—the terrible irresistible undertow that had tossed so many lives away on Dead Man's Reef. None had ever yet escaped that remorseless, soulless monster!

Panic seized me, and I beat the ebony water furiously with my oars which were as effectual as two straws. Then horrible, degrading terror came in a thin red mist, blotting out sanity. I do not know how long I cowered in the bottom of the boat, glassy-eyed, screaming, and biting my fingers and knuckles till my mouth was full of the bitter taste of blood and brine. It could not have been for long;—Dead Man's Reef does not give its victims much time.

Then suddenly I heard the creak and rattle of oar and thole-pin, and dim through the pall I saw a large boat, driven toward me. What manner of men were these, to row against that relentless current?

Tall in the stern stood the leader, clad in mail and leather, a winged helmet on his head, and his long unkempt hair and beard streaming out behind him. On the thwarts sat fourteen men clothed as Lief Ericson's crew was, when centuries ago, he had explored these waters. And as they swayed to the oars with mechanical precision, borne down the wind was the old, old, hail,—faint, ghostly—"Skoal! Skoal!" Then the short hair on my neck stirred, and my blood froze in my veins, for *through* the boat and crew I saw the hungry black fangs of the reef.

I covered my face with bleeding hands, and waited for the end of the world. Æons passed. With a sharp movement, I tore my hands away. My flesh crawled and my breath left my body. Far down through the planks I saw the cruel water, and beside me, gazing at me from flaming hollow sockets, was the tall Viking! I was in the spectral boat, rowed by the fourteen ghastly henchmen, with "Skoal! Skoal!" on their bloodless lips. Behind, I saw my own dory, going to splinters on the black and jagged rocks, before fog shut us off again.

Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth swayed the unearthly oarsmen, hypnotizing me with their smooth rhythm. And deep, deep into my eyes went that unblinking, blazing stare, till I felt my poor, imprisoned soul drawn out, and out,—and out

Then with the sudden effect of a bugle note, a strong east gale tore through the white, breaking it up, dispelling it. A crimson ray of sunlight fell on that unhallowed craft. Instantly I was struggling in the water, and the phantom ship, fleshless crew, and ghoulish chief were nowhere to be seen.

It was a long swim to shore, but I succeeded, helped by a strong in-coming tide. That afternoon my milk can was picked up four miles away, battered flat; and pieces of my dory were found far out at sea. *They* had not escaped the Reef!

I have told this to many, many people, and most of them have laughed. But sometimes I have told it to men who are of the sea, and they have sat silent for a time. After a while they have told me strange tales from the ends of the earth,—and all, all, I have believed.

The Cycle of the Day

Sunrise

By Katherine Daniels

IT WAS dawn. As I looked off toward the distant, snow-capped mountains, the sky was slowly changing from grayish yellow to a soft, rosy tint. The mountains were dressed in a golden hue; in fact, the whole world seemed bathed in a peculiar light, which was ever changing, as slowly the sun, the fiery chariot, started its journey across the sky. The mountains sparkled with joy; and the earth was filled with wondering silence save for the welcoming song of the birds.

Midday

By Mary D. Sullivan

THE SUN looked like a dazzling golden ball almost directly overhead. The pure white, fleecy clouds in the cerulean sky seemed to be floating along, anxious to get out of the sun's path, lest it should overpower them with its intensity. The sun, enjoying their timidity, smiled good-naturedly at them and at the world in general. The sea wanted to take part in the fun and caught some of the color from the sky. The flowers, too, absorbed the pleasant rays of sunshine, and nodded and swayed in the gentle breeze. All the earth was wide awake and sparkling.

Sunset

By Edith M. Gillatt

FLOATING idly in a canoe, I watched the red summer sun sink beneath the western hills. Slowly, slowly it descended, throwing its last bright rays through the thick green foliage of the trees surrounding the pond. This caused a beautiful effect of gold and blue in the rippling water. A shimmering, almost dazzling path of light extended across the quiet water toward me, gently touching the

glistening green lily pads and the closing buds. As the brilliant colors in the western clouds faded, the sun disappeared completely, taking most of the wonderful tints with it, and leaving the world in soothing shadow. The silence was broken only by the faint sounds of the pewees and the distant call of a whippoorwill through the deepening twilight.

Night

By Esthey Ames

THE CLOUDS were gathered thickly as if to shut in some imprisoned creature; the wind was blowing briskly as if to help the prisoner to escape. Suddenly there appeared a beautiful flash, and coming from the curtains of the clouds, the moon stepped forth. Casting her radiance around her, she lighted the sky with her splendor. Now and then the clouds passed across her path as in a game of hide-and-seek. At last she again disappeared and her glory was hidden; she had returned to her prison of clouds.

Mr. Boyden

By Helen V. Regan

(From Kilmer's Poem, "Trees")

I think that there will never be
A better principal than he,

A man who spends his daily hours
In building up the teaching powers;

One who has reached a noble height
And lifts for us the guiding light;

Who holds the ladder to success
For us to climb with eagerness.

Principals there e'er will be,
But not a finer one than he.

Zend-Avesta

By Rhoda Ivers

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Great High Merchant.

Astera—son of High Merchant.

Azenda—daughter of High Merchant.

Pernes—teacher of Astera and Azenda.

Mullah—manservant of High Merchant.

Mayree—maidservant of the same.

A servant.

SCENE I

Court in Merchant's home. Astera and Azenda seated before Pernes.
Mullah in the background.

Astera:—But why, if Zoroaster is immortal, can we not see him?

Pernes:—He is but as a cloud, high in the heavens, shedding his influence down on good Parsees.

Azenda:—Does he love little girls?

Pernes—He loves good little women who learn their lessons each day and who know the Zend-Avesta perfectly.

Azenda:—I don't like this Zend-Avesta. Mayree, the water woman, has told me many fine stories of a man whom she calls Savior.

Pernes:—All power to Zoroaster! I must hasten to your father and tell him of this woman. Mullah! Where did this Mayree come from?

Mullah:—She came but a moon ago, O mighty Pernes, from the land of the Judeans, far away.

Pernes:—She shall be put to death. I know her kind. They are not fit to breathe the same air with us.

(Exeunt Pernes and Mullah.)

Azenda:—Dear Astera, why does the great Pernes become so angry when I mention a mere maidservant?

Astera:—Azenda, I think we may hear more stories from

Mayree. They are much more interesting than reading that old Zend-Avesta. Come; let us go. Make no noise; Mullah will hear.

(Children tiptoe out, leaving the discarded Zend-Avesta on the flags of the court.)

SCENE II

Room in the High Merchant's house. High Merchant, counting money. Enter a servant.

Servant:—The mighty Pernes, O great High Merchant!

Merchant:—Bid him enter.

(Enter Pernes.)

Merchant:—Good-day, sir. I trust my children are not at fault again?

Pernes:—No. I am bidden by the book of our ancestors to say to you that you are harboring among your slaves a woman of the hated Jews, one Mayree!

Merchant:—I remember. My dear friend, Hernus of Ea, sent her to me. He has become a Christian since then. I should like well to understand their beliefs. You say this Mayree is a Christian? I will speak with her presently. That is all.

Pernes:—O god of my ancestors! Is this world of ours becoming so crazed with the longing for something new that men think of other religions besides that of the glorious Zoroaster? Oh, that I were dead!

SCENE III

Lower court of same house. Astera and Azenda, seated before Mayree, listening intently.

Mayree:—"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Astera:—Does that mean that if I forgive a girl who quarrels with me, this Jehovah will forgive me when I do things that displease Him?

Mayree:—Of course. And soon you will not do anything to displease him.

Azenda:—I like that God better than ours; don't you, Astera? He promises things. Oh,—does He love little girls?

Mayree:—Yes.

Azenda:—Naughty ones?

Mayree:—Yes, all little girls,—every single one.

Azenda:—I like Him.

Mayree:—He loves everyone. That is why—Oh (jumps to her feet and salaams deeply.)

(Enter Merchant.)

Merchant:—I have been listening. Is all this true, good Mayree?

Mayree:—All true, my master.

Merchant:—It appeals to me. I must look into it. Come, children.

(Exeunt all but Mayree.)

SCENE IV

Four days later. Room in house of High Merchant. Enter Merchant, Astera, Azenda, and Pernes.

Azenda:—And we really shall be Christians, father?

Merchant:—Yes, child.

Astera:—I am pleased with the religion. Does it please you, father?

Merchant:—It does, my son. Let us sit here and I will tell you of it.

(They sit.)

Pernes:—O great Zoroaster! To come to this! Would that I were dead! Oh, oh!

(Exit Pernes.)

Gods' Gift

By Lora E. Tuckwell

THE sun, creeping gently from over the hilltops,
O'er beautiful specks of pure gold on the dewdrops,
Stole over the earth that was dreaming in slumber,
And changed the green leaves, in plentiful number,
To wonderful pictures no man ever painted;
Thus nature appeared in new beauties untainted.

These marvels of nature, which nothing surpasses,
God wrought with His hand for men of all classes,

The House at "Sous les Bois"

By Adelaide H. Huard

AND Maurice, if the ogre pounces upon you, and annihilates you, remember, Hermine and I begged you not to go," Jeanne stated humorously from behind the screen door where she stood with her sister. Maurice on the piazza struggled impatiently with his umbrella.

"Precious consolation the memory of your warning would be if the ogre saw fit to devour me, little sister," he answered whimsically. "But never fear, before dinner tonight we shall burn the lease to 'Sous les Bois' with fitting ceremony."

The two laughed merrily in anticipation; but a quieter voice interrupted them.

"Maurice," Hermine pleaded gently, "if the poor old gentleman seems loathe to go for some inexplicable reason, you won't insist that he leave the place, will you? These absurd stories, mere fabrications of the ignorant villagers, have no foundation, I am sure. Aunt Abbie says so. And, Maurice, the memories of old age are sacred, you know. Father has always renewed the lease; I am sure if he were here today, he would wish it."

Maurice Kirouac wheeled around abruptly and faced the tall young woman standing in the doorway. His handsome face flushed with anger; and the square young jaw was set in stubborn, rigid lines.

"We have discussed all that exhaustively," he said shortly. "The house is mine by every right. I want it and I mean to have it."

Turning away, he hurried down the steps. Halfway to the gate he halted, repenting.

"Hermine, dear, you don't understand," he went on, a shade impatiently. "'Sous les Bois' is a bleak, desolate habitation. No human being would love it as you suppose. It is an ideal spot for a hunting lodge; and it isn't fair of you to make it a question of duty. I'll be decent to old Van Dyne. I'll see that he finds another place, and all that!"

The girl did not answer, but gazed out past Maurice at the drizzling rain and the dull spring landscape.

"Isn't Canada a queer place?" Jeanne remarked irrelevantly, pressing her chubby little nose against the screen-door. "I wish that we were all at home again in Boston, where there is no place for ogres!"

"Come, Jeanne," was Hermine's only reply, as the gate clicked behind Maurice; and she closed the heavy oak door of Aunt Abbie's house forcefully and deliberately, as if she would shut out all thought of ogres with the dismal afternoon.

At Sillery, the box-like trolley turned for its trip to Quebec; and Kirouac set out on foot for "Sous les Bois." As far as he could see, the road stretched out like a crumpled yellow ribbon. Small pines and brush-wood skirted it. Here and there an elm would loom black against the leaden sky, its new leaves dark with moisture. His way led through an apple orchard whose knarled and knotted fingers were hung with snowy blossoms; and as the river came into view he saw the gate to "Sous les Bois." Kirouac paused.

It was, indeed, a dreary place. Low, overhung with gables, the house nestled on the grassy slope in forbidding solitude. Encircling it sentinel-wise, was a chain of gigantic pines whose blue-green spires pierced the sky. From the east wing to the shore of the St. Lawrence, a row of poplars stood; young spruce trees grew among them, and privet and alder. From the west wing to the gate stretched a wall of cedars; and in the background loomed the Lawrentian hills.

The rain had stopped and a fresh breeze whispered through the trees in mysterious consultation. A crow swooped down and, muttering his raucous message, sped homeward, far from the nodding and sighing pines.

Stories of the eccentric inmate of the place came back to Kirouac. Small wonder was it that the villagers wove fanciful tales about the master of "Sous les Bois." What man could so love his own company as to live year after year in this dismal retreat, unsought and seeking no one? What sort of man was he whom Mr. Kirouac, Senior, had loved so well, that he had left home and family in order to visit him each spring? Did Hermine know,—Hermine, who was the father's confidante?

Chilled by the desolate aspect of his future hunting lodge, yet

because of its very mystery, feeling more and more, the desire for complete possession, Kirouac hurried up the narrow pathway to the house. At the door he hesitated, but, as if by magic, it swung noiselessly open; and he was confronted by a grave Chinese house-boy.

He found himself on the threshold of an arched hallway. The boy disappeared with Kirouac's card as silently as he had come. Although it was afternoon, the room was dimly lighted by a tall yellow taper in a bronze candlestick; and, on a strangely carved chest behind which hung a heavy maroon curtain, a bowl of Alpine poppies stood.

Was this the den of the ogre? Kirouac chuckled inwardly; he had expected ruins.

Then Mr. Van Dyne greeted him.

He was a small man; yet his bearing was that of the courtier. His rosy, cherub-like face was crowned with snowy hair; and his blue eyes twinkled merrily.

"The son of my greatest friend is most welcome," he said in a kindly manner, as he shook hands with Kirouac, who, very much bewildered, followed the elder man into the study. It was lined with books in costly leather binding. A softly shaded floor lamp stood beside a long mahogany table; heavy velvet curtains shut out the afternoon light.

"When it is dismal out of doors, we make it cheerful within," Mr. Van Dyne offered as an explanation.

Before the empty grate two large chairs were drawn; and at his host's request, Kirouac sank into the nearer. The old gentleman questioned him, about Boston, about his sisters, and growing grave, spoke of Kirouac's father. Yet all the while Maurice was groping to find a clue to the ever increasing mystery. What he had expected he could not say; but of one thing he was certain; he had not expected this luxury. Mr. Kirouac had never spoken much about his visits to "Sous les Bois."

"I suppose, my boy," Mr. Van Dyne was saying, his kindly eye fixed on the youthful face opposite him, "that you are settling your father's estate. You know, doubtless, that this place has been under lease for many years, a lease that has renewed itself automatically. Your father would never sell. He liked to call it our retreat; and he insisted that I hold a lease for protection. Now that

he is gone, it would simplify matters greatly if the transaction were closed. Any time before you return to Boston, a deed of sale can be drawn up."

Before Maurice could answer, Van Dyne continued: "I am sure the sun will be out again before nightfall so that I can show you our garden."

The sky had cleared; and as he drew the curtain aside, a feeble ray stole into the dusky room.

"Your father loved the garden. When the world's cares pressed too heavily on his willing shoulders, he would come here, and spend day after day out of doors. He used to say the place had magic tonic for tired nerves."

"But, sir," Maurice ventured to remark, "it must be very lonely indeed for you alone, here."

Van Dyne smiled.

"We have never known a lonesome hour."

"We?" but Maurice flushed at his impertinent curiosity.

"Come, lad, and you shall see," Van Dyne replied.

Down a long corridor in the west wing they walked, until they came to a wide French door standing ajar. Mr. Van Dyne pushed it open, and, as Kirouac reached his side, the sun burst forth from behind a cloud. Struck dumb by the loveliness before him, Maurice stood mute, drinking in the marvelous beauty.

It was a perfect Dutch garden stretching down to the river's edge, flanked on one side by the pines and privet, on the other by the majestic hills. Like a rainbow carpet, lovely hyacinths rolled out before him. The golden Obelesque, the porcelain lilac, from dark red and carmine to the hues of coral and rose,—all tints were interwoven in exquisite harmony. The evening breeze swept by, scattering the fragrance of lily and violets that clustered near the doorstep.

Together, Kirouac and Mr. Van Dyne strolled leisurely down the path near the cedars, towards the water and the fast setting sun. A dove hurried by to the cote where his mate awaited him. Beneath the green shrubbery, lilies of the valley nestled. Among the rocks white narcissi raised their lovely heads.

Then this was the den of the ogre! The ogre indeed, thought Kirouac; rather was the old man an earthly St. Peter who guarded a Paradise.

They stopped before a rustic, vine-hung Japanese pagoda. The grave-faced Oriental lad who had opened the door for Kirouac came forward and bowed profoundly.

"Is Mr. Brimmer here yet, Tio-sin?" the elder man asked.

"Mr. Brimmer awaits you, sir," he replied, and hurried away. Reclining in a wheel chair, his gaze fixed on the blue river, was Carl Brimmer.

Kirouac was not romantically inclined; but the place seemed to him so unreal, so ideal that he felt he must be indulging in some phase of daydreaming. The young man before him gave him the impression that for the moment he trespassed in the realm of King Arthur. No knight was more princely, no maiden fairer than Carl Brimmer.

He turned as the two men entered and smiled his welcome.

"Carl, this is Mr. Kirouac's son, Maurice. He has come to have the mystery of 'Sous les Bois' revealed to him."

Brimmer shook the proffered hand vigorously.

"And has grandfather helped you to fathom it?" he asked humorously. "I once had the opportunity of seeing one of your family discover step by step, the secrets of our retreat."

"I have found it to be a miniature heaven!" Maurice exclaimed with unusual vehemence. Then he understood. This was the poet Brimmer of whom he had heard so much, the man whom all the world read, and wondered about, and never saw,—the man whom Hermine quoted ceaselessly.

Until nightfall, they sat in the pagoda, the old gentleman, the man of the world, and Carl Brimmer. Kirouac felt stirred by deep, inexplicable emotion. Years later, when he recalled the many peaceful hours he had spent with the crippled poet, he could not remember much of what they said that first spring evening. Tucked away in some chamber of consciousness, however, one little incident persisted.

Just before the sun slipped below the turrets of St. Romuald, a blaze of golden light flooded the garden with its glorious radiance. A tall ash by the shore stood in the shadow of a cloud; and only a portion of the tree was bathed in sunlight.

"How queer that tree looks!" Maurice volunteered shyly.

"To me, that illustrates life," Carl had replied slowly. "Nothing in this garden seems so beautiful at this moment, as that patch

of shimmering light against the shadows. One gets the greatest, fullest joy out of life by means of contrast; don't you think so?"

That Brimmer should say this; Brimmer, who had built such a pleasant retreat, a barrier between the pitying world and his own suffering; Brimmer, who apparently had every gift of manhood, yet who in reality was deprived of every physical joy, and who had voluntarily buried himself in an incomparable Dutch garden,—that he should feel thus was the true significance of the contentment and peace that radiated from his person

As Kirouac hurried home after a reluctant farewell, he pondered deeply. Above him the trees swayed in silent benediction; even the canopy of stars seemed in sympathy with his mood. How well old Van Dyne guarded his secret!

The family had dined when Maurice reached his aunt's home; yet his two sisters would not think of letting him have his dinner in solitary state. Hermine watched him with silent curiosity; but Jeanne showered him with countless questions.

"Let your brother have his dinner in peace, child," the older sister urged after a time. But when Hannah brought in the dessert, Hermine herself could not refrain from questioning him.

"Did you close the lease?" she asked.

"The lease?" Maurice repeated blankly. "Oh, I understand! The lease to 'Sous les Bois,' you mean. Well, I—er, you see, the ogre annihilated me and I forgot the lease," he continued whimsically.

"And Carl?" Hermine murmured gently, her dark eyes shining with joy. "Did you see Carl Brimmer?"

"Sir Galahad!" Maurice exclaimed, staring at his sister in surprise. "You don't mean that you—I say! I'll wager that is why you took such an interest in the matter and insisted that you and Jeanne come up here to Canada. And you knew all the time!"

Of course, you couldn't guess!" Hermine stammered; and with cheeks aflame she hurried from the room.

"Well—," Maurice set his coffee cup forcefully into the saucer. "If I haven't been the most stupid, the most unobservant person in existence!"

"Maurice!" Jeanne, who until now had watched her brother and sister with keen interest, interrupted his train of thought. "Tell me how the ogre pounced upon you."

Moliere et La Fontaine

DEMANDE-T-ON pourquoi nous nous intéressons aux vies de Molière et de La Fontaine? C'est parce que, il y a trois cents ans, ils furent nés; Molière en 1622 et La Fontaine en 1621. Ils étaient tous les deux de grands écrivains français et méritent d'être étudiés.

MOLIERE, L'HOMME ET SON GENIE

Avant Molière, la comédie était peu connue en France, mais le goût public tourna vers la tragédie. Seulement un peu de comédie fut écrite et ce peu fut écrit par les poètes tragiques pour la récréation. Avec l'arrivée de Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine et Molière, la littérature française, au lieu de rester rude et mal léchée, devint classique. La période classique, le dix-septième siècle, produisit les plus grandes oeuvres françaises.

Molière, ou Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, fut né à Paris en 1622 et fut instruit au Collège de Clermont des Jésuites. Après avoir fini ses études, à l'âge de vingt ans il devint un acteur de L'Illustre Théâtre où il adopta le nom de Molière. Molière, sous le patronage du roi, devint le chef d'une troupe nommée la "Troupe de Monsieur."

On dit que Molière flatta le roi, mais si c'était vrai, on peut être sûr que c'était nécessaire. Le roi avait répandu des bienfaits sur lui, comme chambellan héréditaire. Il l'e protégea du mépris de quelques gens de la cour. Mais malgré l'aide du roi, le public général lui portait préjudice et ne lui donna pas l'honneur qui lui fut dû.

Dans sa vie intime Molière ne rit ni parla beaucoup. Il observa toujours le monde et ses amis l'ont nommé "le Contemplateur." Il était triste et malheureux, blessé et dans les affections et dans sa fierté. Sa femme ne s'accorda pas avec lui; il l'aima à la passion mais

elle aima un autre, ce qui lui faisait bien malheureux chez eux. Il chercha de la consolation dans son théâtre et il travailla sans cesse.

Molière était un vrai comédien. Il semblait avoir plusieurs voix et avec un sourire ou un mouvement de la main il pouvait dire plus qu'un autre ne pouvait pendant une heure entière. Il remarqua les choses ridicules et il fit ses personnages si distincts qu'on peut toujours les reconnaître. Ils ne sont pas de créatures de l'imagination, mais ils vivent. Dans une manière concise, il parle la langue des villes, des provinces, de tous les genres et de toutes les passions. Son ouvrage est rempli d'humeur étincelante, de sarcasme et de moquerie.

Mais Molière n'a pas seulement amusé le public; outre cela il croyait qu'il devrait instruire au même temps. Dans les *Précieuses Ridicules*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, *le Malade Imaginaire* et *le Médecin Malgré Lui*, il montra des fautes de son temps et s'en moqua cruellement.

Plusieurs personnes disaient qu'il n'écouta pas les règles de classicisme et Molière leur répondit: "Je voudrais bien savoir si la grande règle de toutes les règles n'est pas de plaire." A mon avis, il a réussi à plaire et si l'on aime la comédie, on peut dire avec La Fontaine: "Voilà mon Homme."

Pendant la présentation de "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" il devint bien malade et est mort quatre heures après. Ses amis le pressaient de quitter son travail depuis quelque temps, mais il répondit, "Il y a cinquante pauvres hommes qui comptent sur moi. Non, c'est à moi à continuer." Telle fut sa générosité, Comme il était acteur, un enterrement chrétien ne lui fut pas permis.

Il n'était pas membre de l'Académie Française mais un siècle après sa mort on y éleva un buste de lui qui porta les mots: "Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la nôtre." C'est vrai, parce que de tous les poètes français, Molière est maintenant un des plus aimés, et tout le monde lit ses ouvrages, car il est, en effet, un poète universel. La plus grande gloire de Molière fut d'avoir été le poète de l'humanité, aussi bien que le poète de son propre siècle.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

Le caractère de La Fontaine fait sous plusieurs rapports un vif contraste avec celui de Molière et il est fort intéressant de suivre les deux vies.

Jean de La Fontaine fut né à Château-Thierry en 1622 et obtint de l'instruction médiocre. A l'âge de vingt ans il entra à l'Oratoire de Rheims comme étudiant de théologie, mais il n'y eut pas d'intérêt. Puis pendant quelques années il s'amusa en voyageant de ville en ville, et mena une vie bien inutile et folle.

Il avait la nature gaie et sensible. Pour arrêter cette vie téméraire de son fils, le père arrangea pour lui un mariage avec Marie Héricart, âgée de quinze ans et qui avait de l'esprit et de la beauté. Son père, aussi, lui donna la position de maître des eaux-et-forêts en 1647, mais il négligea et les devoirs de son poste et ceux de famille et passa la plupart de son temps à Paris. À cause de sa bonne nature il y fut bien reçu et fort aimé.

Ses amis le nommèrent "le bonhomme." On raconte beaucoup d'anecdotes de lui. Il était toujours distrait. Une fois Louis XIV lui permit de lui présenter en personne ses fables publiées. La Fontaine alla à Versailles, fit un discours de présentation fort élégant mais il avait oublié d'y porter ses fables. Le roi fut gracieux et lui donna une bourse d'or qu'il perdit tout de suite. Une autre fois il fut invité au dîner chez un de ses amis et fut bien en retard. Il s'excusa en disant, "Je suis venu de l'enterrement d'une fourmi, je suis allé au cimetière et puis j'ai accompagné la famille chez elle."

Malgré ses défauts, La Fontaine pouvait bien juger les qualités de ses amis-et trouva de la consolation dans l'amitié de Racine, de Boileau et de Molière. Quoique La Fontaine eût beaucoup d'amis, il n'était pas bien aimé à la cour. Le roi n'estima pas son travail. En effet, comme écrivain, on peut dire que La Fontaine n'était pas de l'âge de Louis XIV. Il se rapporte au siècle précédent, puisqu'il fut l'enfant littéraire de Rabelais et de Montaigne. Il fallait se conformer exactement aux règles de l'Académie Française, mais La Fontaine fut en effet un déchainement de la poésie lyrique.

Il écrivit tous les genres de la poésie: des comédies, des vers, des ballades, des épîtres, et des épigrammes, mais son chef-d'oeuvre fut ses fables en douze livres. Il fut le fabuliste inimitable. Jusqu'à ce temps

là, les écrivains des fables furent tous des philosophes et des auteurs de satires, mais La Fontaine rajeunit la vraie fable. La fable ancienne se concerna seulement de la morale, mais la supériorité de celle de La Fontaine reste à la narration elle-même et la morale est cachée et contenue dans le récit même. Le trait dominant de son génie est l'universelle sympathie. Son style élégant et noble est caché sous une simplicité bien remarquable. Il se décrit:—

“ Je m'avoue, il est vrai, s'il faut parler ainsi, Papillon du Parnasse et semblable aux abeilles. A qui le bon Platon compare nos merveilles, Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet, Je vais de fleur en fleur et d'objet en objet. A beaucoup de plaisirs je mêle un peu de gloire.”

Il découvrit le secret et le charme de la nature. Il aima fort les animaux et pouvait distinguer leurs traits, et les compara à la société du dix-septième siècle; le lion représenta le roi absolu; le loup, le guerrier; l'ours, le gentilhomme stupide; le boeuf, le paysan; et ainsi de suite.

Ses fables les plus fameuses sont La Cigale et la Fourmi, Le Chêne et le Roseau, L'Homme et la Couleuvre, Les Animaux malades de la Peste.

La Fontaine eut pendant toute sa vie le bonheur de trouver des protections dévouées, qui, venant au secours de son inintelligence des intérêts matériels, évitèrent pour lui tout souci de ce genre, et jusqu' à celui du logement et des vêtements.

Il fut élu membre de l'Académie en 1683, mais à cause de l'opposition du roi, il n'y était pas reçu jusqu' à l'année suivante. En 1695 il est mort.

Après avoir lu les deux vies, on peut savoir que Molière et La Fontaine doivent être aimés. Ils étaient des poètes français avec les idées universelles.

La Fin d'un Jour d'Hiver

By Alice E. Dickinson

Dans l'ouest sanglant pend un brillant nuage
Eclairant le ciel au long et au large,
Pendant que le soleil cuivré descend,
La neige refléchit la clarté de rose.
L'obscurité tombe, une étoile se pose
Au-dessus d'un pin qui ses bras étend.

The Storm

By Miss Mildred P. Ellis

Wild is the roar of the ocean;
The white spume fills the air
And dashes against the jagged rocks
With never a thought or care;
And the sky, once blue and peaceful,
Is dark with a threat'ning frown;
For a storm rages high o'er the ocean,
And the Storm King wears his crown.

The wind sweeps wide o'er the ocean,
Calling with mournful wail
The souls of its long-lost comrades,
Of those who no more will sail;
And deep in the heart of the ocean,
Safe from the waves and the wind,
The billows are guarding their treasure
That no man again shall find.

Wild is the roar of the ocean;
Now a bit of a sail or a spar
Is tossed high up by the breakers
As they lash the cliff and the bar;
But the story, the ocean's secret,
Is guarded by wave and by sky,
Safe locked in the heart of the Storm King
As long as he reigns on high.

Friendship

By Flora Douglas

I know not why my thoughts are brooding
On friends I claimed of yester-year,
Why friendship sometimes has to sever
With pain that causes many a tear.
The faults may not be ours alone,
But we alone must all things bear.
Rash judgments passed by idle tongues
Are fangs that sting, and so—beware!
Firm friends are those who still are true
Despite the storm or sky's dark hue,
Who always will most faithful be
Throughout a friend's adversity.

Life

By Myrtle Harris

The tide of time is ebbing fast,
As on life's path we daily tread
And watch the years that hurry past,—
With smiles and tears, with hopes and dread.

First, Childhood, filled with liberties,
Protected by the watchful One;
Next Youth, with opportunities
So quickly come, so quickly gone.

And then we see Man's rise and fall,
And view with eagerness the game
Of chance he plays in mortals' hall,
To win a crowning wreath of fame.

Soon comes Old Age, with all its threats,
Unfinished dreams, and useless hopes,
Its many griefs and many frets,
As for a light it feebly gropes.

At last comes Death to take its prize
Of one more life from this old earth;
And to the sky the Soul then flies
To claim the fruits of its true worth.

My Flag

By Phyllis Mayo Dorr, Grade 6

O my flag,
I love you so!
I like to see you in the breezes blow,
I never get tired of seeing your stars
And I always love to see your bars.

Home

By Annie Terry

Down in old Nantucket,
Where the ocean breezes blow,
Is that dear old house upon the hill
Where I always like to go.
'Mid the fragrance of the wild flowers
And the scent of woodland pine
Is the loveliest spot on all this earth,—
That dear old home of mine.

My Prayer

By Alice M. Groden

God breathed life into my body. It is my duty to take that life as He gave it and to make it what I will.

May truth guide my life in the great things and also in the small things for which I shall strive. May I be truthful not only to others, but to myself; thus the pricks of conscience shall not be disregarded and I shall remember that truth will bring me nearer my Creator.

May I be governed by thoughts of justice. Let me remember that others may be in the right as well as I, so that I shall not condemn a person unheard, and so that I shall keep in mind those well chosen words of Lincoln, "With justice and humanity for all."

My aspirations shall be lofty. May hope be my beacon and may it bring me nearer the heights of attainment! However, in my hopes let me be humble and let me remember that what God gave me He may also take away.

Lastly, let me always feel that He is by my side, ready to assist me and guide me; and when He calls me, may I be prepared to cross over into the Great Unknown. Let me so live that then He may be able to say, "This is my servant with whom I am well pleased."

Swamp Maple

By S. Louise Dickinson

Upon my wooded hillside all is still
Save when some bird, sending his plaintive call,
Flits through the branches, or last autumn's leaves,
Weathered and browned and seared, stir; that is all.
But ah! I know that life starts now anew,
For in the swamp, amidst the green-black pines
I see the maples' scarlet haze, just touched
With golden rays and dulled by shadow lines,
As April's setting sun sends through the trees
That top my rocky crest, its slanting ray
And kindles all the glory of the red
Against the dark pines and the forest grey.

Mother

By Rose M. McIsaac

Mother, you will always be
Sweeter than all else to me;
No one can compare with thee.

Many tears, with many sighs,
Children bring unto your eyes,
When they once have rent home ties.

When my heart is full of fear,
And no comfort find I here,
How I want you, mother dear!

Though the world seems hard and cold
And I suffer grief untold,
I'll ne'er forget your heart of gold.

Oh! your dear and timeworn face
Filled with holy peace and grace
Ne'er another can replace.

Therefore, when you take your rest,
May it be among the blest,
Where you'll ever be God's guest.

The Call of the Sea

By Ruth B. Andrews

There's a softening lull in the air tonight
With a little west wind blowing,
And bright is every harbor light
On the murmuring water flowing.

Oh, I long to be on board once more
And watch the moonlight wane
Along with night, for the waves' steady roar
Is now calling me back again.

Favorite Songs

Hark! I Hear a Voice

Hark! I hear a voice, way up on the
 mountain top-tip-top,
 Descending down below, descending
 down below.
 Let us all live in love,
 Trusting in the powers above,—
 As merrily on we roll along, we roll
 along, we roll along,—
 As merrily on we roll along,—
 O'er the old oaken bucket, the iron-
 bound bucket
 The moss-covered bucket, that hung—
 In the evening by the moonlight
 You could hear those darkies singing;
 In the evening by the moonlight
 You could hear those banjos ringing.
 How the old folks would enjoy it!—
 They would sit all night and listen
 As we sang in the evening—
 Bye-lo, my baby, won't you bye?
 Bye-lo, my baby, won't you bye?
 Bye-lo, my baby, won't you bye?
 B-R-H-2-O-! B-R-H-2-O-!

Tillinghast, Our "Dorm"

(Tune, "Yoo hoo")

You'll hear us calling "Yoo hoo"
 To each other all the day.
 You'll hear us calling "Yoo hoo,"
 For we all are friends so true.
 Tillinghast is where we hail from;
 Tillinghast is where we'll stay.
 You'll hear us calling "Yoo hoo"
 To each other all the day.

And now we'll "root" for "Till,"
 Dear old Tillinghast, our "dorm,"
 Where everything is sunshine
 Even though there is a storm.
 Here you'll always find a welcome
 When you're lonesome, tired, or blue,
 And now we'll "root" for "Till."
 Three cheers for Tillinghast!

The Seniors

(Tune, "Nancy Lee")

Of all the girls that e'er you knew,
 The Seniors—*Rah!* The Seniors—
Rah!
 The best that Normal ever had,
 The Senior Class—*Rah! Rah!*
 They swing along with teacher-air so
 prim and neat,
 And give advice to all the Juniors that
 they meet,
 And whisper low, "It's not so bad.
 You'll all get through!"

Then here's to '21 and '22—the best!
 Class A—*Rah! Rah!* K. P.—*Rah! Rah!*
 And One and Two and Three and Four
 and Five,
 The Classes that we all hold dear.

Alma Mater

O loved Alma Mater, we greet thee,
 Thy daughters and sons from afar,
 As often we pause in our toiling
 To hail thee, whose children we are.

REFRAIN.

Hail to Normal! hail to Normal!
 Safe for aye in mem'ry's shrine,
 Hail to Normal! Dear old Normal!
 Praise and love be ever thine.

With strong, steady hand dost thou lead
 us,
 Thy powerful arm is our stay,
 Thy light is our beacon in darkness
 Which ever will lend us its ray.

REFRAIN.

Oh, may thy fair name live forever,
 Be deeply impressed on each heart
 That we in our trials and triumphs
 May ne'er from thy guidance depart.

REFRAIN.

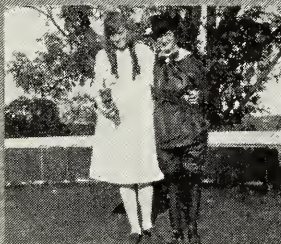


The K. P. Song

(Tune of "When Francis
'Danced With Me'')

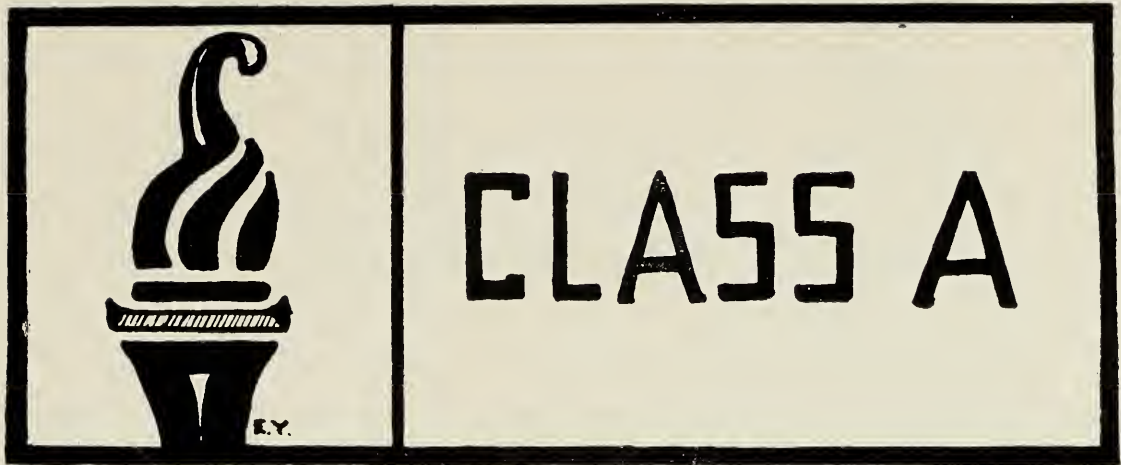
The K. P.'s, One, Two, and
Three here you see,
The jolliest crowd that can be.
We don't mind our studies, but
just swing along,
Through the gifts and the
mother-plays all the day
long.
Oh! the K. P.'s, the K. P.'s,
three classes just full of
"pep!"

When as new teachers we're
put to the test,
We'll show the whole world
that we will do our best;
We'll all do our duty whate'er
it may be—
As K. P.'s One, Two, and
Three.



HISTORIES





Class A Roll

Fourth Year Students

BURKE, W. KENNETH, ("Ken"), 508 Cottage St., New Bedford, Mass. President N. A. A.; Captain of Basketball; Kappa Delta Phi; Associate Editor of Normal Offering.

HOLDER, LEVERETT T. ("Sol"), 19 Elmwood Road, Swampscott, Mass. Kappa Delta Phi; N. A. A.

Third Year Students

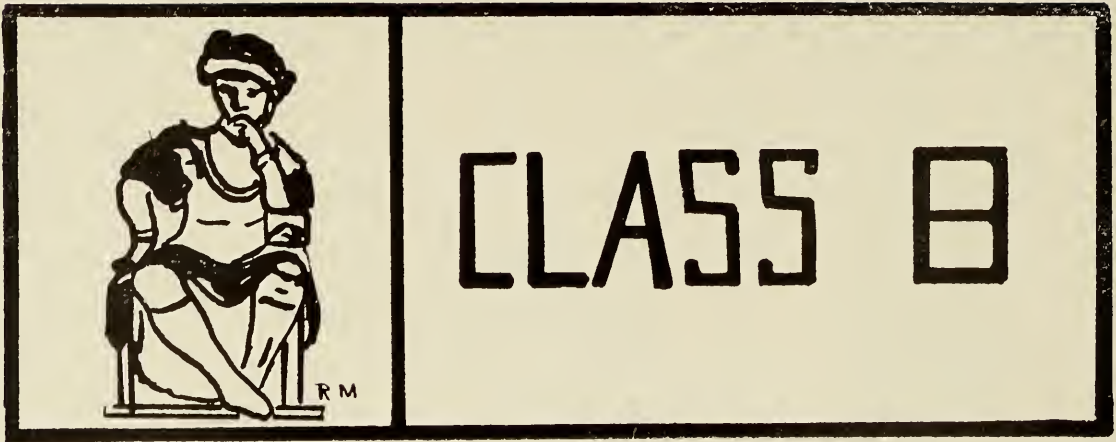
BUTLER, JAMES H., 69 Prospect Ave., Norwood, Mass.

DOYLE, JOHN J., Foxboro, Mass.

LEAVITT, GEORGE D., Boston, Mass.

HUNT, MARION A., 28 School St., Bridgewater, Mass.

WHITE, ALICE M., 38 Vine St., Weymouth, Mass.



President,
Vice-President,
Treasurer-Secretary,
Historian,

ELIZABETH SHAW
LUCILE DIX
ETHEL HUNTRESS
GERTRUDE CUNNINGHAM

Class History

By Gertrude Cunningham, Historian

Time—September, 1919-1922

Characters—Twenty-six young ladies

Scene—Bridgewater Normal School

SCENARIO

Scene I—Assembly Hall for Chapel Exercises

About one-third of the students of Class B are seated in the back rows of the Assembly Hall, studying the work for the day in rapid sequence, others are talking to their neighbors just as rapidly, adding to the interest of the conversation by brandishing notebooks and pencils at frequent intervals. It is about time for the last bell. Some of the girls rush to their seats, gasping, and clutching wildly in their hands mail for their classmates or themselves. The bell rings and Chapel begins. After the preliminary Chapel exercises are over, the remaining few "return to the fold" and are soon comfortably seated, when "Section One," the signal for departure, is given. But on the

days of Community Singing, when some member of Class B, who is conducting the singing, tries to have us sing "Kentucky Blues" and "Home Sweet Home" at the same time,—then the fun begins.

Scene II—The Classes

Part I. Geography.

All are comfortably settled for the lesson. The facts learned in this class are really astounding. B discovers that the world is actually round, that the moon rises in the east, that the sun is not directly overhead at noon, and many other amazing bits of information.



Top row: Ruth Martenson, Hyacinth Griffin, Ruth Gœures, Mary Reece, Ida Gattrell, Eleise Doran, Helen Kenney.
 Next row: Flora Douglas, Florence MacNamara, Katherine Smith, Miss Pope, Ruth Greene, Leda Renaud, Ruth Sladen, Helen Jackson, Pearl Currier.
 Next row: Alice Story, Gertrude Cunningham, Ethel Huntress, Mr. Boyden, Elizabeth Shaw, Adelaide Huard, Helen Morrison, Nora Unsworth.
 Front row: Mable Flood, Rose MacIsaac, Lucile Dix, Sadie Quallins.

Part II. Drawing.

The students here learn to draw grass-blades, turnips, squash, leaves, birds, and even trunks and suit cases. All this is in preparation for the ordeal one calls "Training School." And the class even

practices blackboard sketching,—that art wherein one has but to half close his eye and see the minute details with regard to light and shade.

Part III. Psychology.

Herein the members of Class B discover many astounding things concerning their behavior—why they turn their heads to see what dropped from the fourth desk in the sixth row; why it hurts to step on a tack; and what the natural impulse would be were a lighted torpedo to be discovered under our chairs. Intelligence of the rarer sort is shown in this class by one's ingenuity in asking and answering these deep and significant questions.

Part IV. History.

The class discovers the true meaning of "one word test." A visitor would certainly be impressed with B's power of concentration, if he entered the history room during an examination period. Much knowledge is acquired in this class.

Part V. Other Classes.

Gymnastics.

Here are learned the intricacies of the Swedish Ling System,—also the fact that Ling was not a Chinaman, as several of the class supposed. The class proves itself capable on the Hockey field, a match game being arranged and played during one part of the May Festival.

Library.

In this class the members learn how to arrange the books according to color and height, but never under any consideration by system. French.

Here one learns a secret code,—something to foil even the censors. Yes. Class B becomes very proficient in the use of the phonetic alphabet.

Scene III—Training School, 8.15 A. M.

The scurrying of feet! Cheery Good-mornings—tasks performed—doors slammed! Quiet reigns at last and all are ready for the day's work. (Something to be dreaded? "No!" say we! Every member of Class B enjoyed her training and we had thirteen full weeks of it.)

Scene IV—Outside Practice

Hurrying for trains,—happy smiles,—arms full of textbooks and of papers to be corrected! Real teachers at last, or at least as nearly so as possible till next September.

Scene V—Social Life

The class, realizing the fact that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, forgets its trials and tribulations and thoroughly enjoys itself in hikes and socials, laughter, refreshments, with the jolly "B" spirit prevailing!

Class Roll

CUNNINGHAM, GERTRUDE R. ("Gert"), 86 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass. Librarian of French Club, 1920-'21; Americanization Club; Class Historian 1920-'22; Vice-House President of Normal Hall, 1921-'22; Student Government, 1921-'22.

Good-natured smiles she wears all the day,
Ever prepared her lessons to say,
Ready for fun, with a twinkle and grin,
Trustworthy friend, worth the trouble to win.

CURRIER, PEARL ("Kisses"), 103 Prescott St., No. Andover, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; French Club, 1919-'20; Girl Scouts, 1920-'21; Tennis Club.

Quick to do, quick to dare,
She sprinkles sunshine everywhere.

DIX, LUCILLE M. ("Dixie"), 48 N. Pearl St., Brockton, Mass. Alpha Gamma Phi; Library Club; French Club, 1919-'21; Y. P. U.; New Student Committee; Tennis Club; Vice-President of Class, 1920-'22.

Never known to lose (?) borrow (?) or lend (?)
Oh, Dix, it's you, dear friend.

DORAN, ELEISE, 91 Atlantic St., New Bedford, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Glee Club; Library Club; Orchestra.

"You are just a sweet bud in her bloom,
All sunshine and snowy and pure."

DOUGLAS, FLORA G., 650 Canton Ave., Milton, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Glee Club, 1920-'21; Library Club, President, 1920-'21; Secretary, Social Activities, 1920-'21; Dramatic Club, 1921-'22; Student Government; President Woodward House, 1921-'22; Tennis Club; Y. P. U.

Vivid, gay, and sweetly fair,
Carefree, smiling, debonair!
Know this well; forget it not:
Our Flora is a canny Scot.

FLOOD, MABEL H., 26 Kingman Ave., Brockton, Mass. French Club, 1919-'22.

A little girl with eyes of blue,
She's quiet, kindly, gentle, too.

GATTRELL, IDA LOUISE ("Ide"), Curzon Mill Road, Newburyport, Mass. Beta Gamma; Y. P. U.; Library Club, Chairman, Fiction Group, 1920; Art Editor of "Normal Offering," 1920-'21; Student Government, 1919-'22, President, 1921-'22.

"We all know her; we all like her,
More than that we need not say."

GOERES, RUTH T. ("Rufus"), 53 E. High St., Avon, Mass.

Sweet and true as the lovely dawn,
Is this good maid from fair Avon.

GREENE, RUTH M., 555 W. Chestnut St., Brockton, Mass. Normal Offering Board, 1919-'20; Tennis Club; French Club, 1919-'22, Secretary 1920-'21, Treasurer 1921-'22.

Gentle is she and sweet,
A girl we all love to meet.

GRIFFIN, HYACINTH ("Hycie"), 33 Brookline St., No. Abington, Mass.

Though High C in music, dreaded may be,
Yet "Hycie" in Class B, never will be.

HUARD, ADELAIDE H., P. O. Box 525, Fall River, Mass. House President of Normal Hall; Pres. of Glee Club, 1921-'22; Pres. of French Club, 1920-'21; Secretary of Social Activities; Tau Beta Gamma; Normal Offering Board; Chairman of the Publicity Committee.

"Hang thou upon her notes
Like a bee on a jasmine flower."

HUNTRESS, ETHEL G. ("Huntie"), 38 Edson St., Brockton, Mass. French Club, 1919-'22; Librarian, 1919-'22; Glee Club, 1919-'22; Question Mark Club; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, 1920-'22; Tennis Club.

Ethel is a clever lass;
She is certainly loved by all the B Class.

JACKSON, HELEN ("JACKIE"), Parker St., No. Andover, Mass. Glee Club, 1919-'20; Question Mark Club; Social Activities, 1920; Dramatic Club, Sec. 1920-21' Pres. 1921-'22; Tennis Club; Library Club; Normal Offering Board, 1920-'21; Y. P. U.

A good scout, fair and square,
Is our little Helen J.;
She can act, sing, and do everything,
And make us laugh all day.

KENNEY, HELEN G. ("Billie"), 27 Brookline St., No. Abington, Mass. Normal Offering Board, 1919-'20; Pres. Train Student Government, 1920-'21; Glee Club, 1919-'22.

She has friends both short and tall,
And a smile she has for them all.

MARTENSON, RUTH ("Rufus"), Plymouth St., Middleboro, Mass.

In "math" and geography
She's a bright and busy "B."

MacNAMARA, FLORENCE B. ("Fluff"), 731 No. Main St., No. Brookfield, Mass. Lambda Phi; Glee Club, 1919-'22, Sec.-Treas., 1920-'21; Vice-Pres. of Class, 1919-'20; French Club.

Not at all like her nickname is she,
Although her hair is fluffy,
For fairness and brains are hers to boast;
Of good qualities all, has she a host.

McISAAC, ROSE MARY ("Rosemarymacisaacsecretary"), 62 Franklin St., Haverhill, Mass. Dramatic Club, 1920-'22; Glee Club, 1919-'20; French Club, 1919-'20; Americanization Club; Tennis Club; Art Editor Normal Offering Board, 1921-'22; Basketball, 1919-'21.

Rose is tiny, as you can see,
But she makes up a large part of Class B.

MORRISON, HELEN E. ("A-len," "Sally"), 42 Emerson St., New Bedford, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Sec. of Class, 1919-'20; French Club, 1919-'22, Vice-Pres., 1920-'21; Pres., 1921-'22; Assistant Editor Normal Offering, 1920-'21; Editor-in-Chief, 1921-'22; Americanization Club; Tennis Club.

Helen is ever cheerful and gay,
Earnest in work, a pal in play,
Never a shirk, but a friend always.

QUALLINS, ROSE ("Sadie"), 158 Broadway, Taunton, Mass. Student Government, 1919-'20; Treas. of Class, 1919-'20; Girl Scouts; Alpha Gamma Phi; Tennis Club; Y. P. U.; Vice-Pres. of French Club, 1921-'22.

Our Sadie will succeed, you know,
No matter where she may choose to go;
Her winning smile and stalwart air
Are quite as enchanting as her hair.

REECE, MARY ("Topsy"), 166 Summer St., Brockton, Mass. French Club, 1919-'22.

In history class the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew.

RENAUD, LEDA ("Lee"), 95 Walnut St., Brockton, Mass.

There is a girl in our class
And she is wondrous wise;
She is a tall and slender lass
With big, brown, shining eyes.

SHAW, ELIZABETH P. ("Lib"), 93 South St., Bridgewater, Mass. Alpha Gamma Phi; Class President, 1920-'22; Girl Scout Captain, 1921-'22; Glee Club, 1920-'21; French Club, 1920-'21; Library Club, 1921; Dramatic Club, 1921-'22; Tennis Club; Y. P. U.

An all-round scout, they call her;
Much more she seems to me,
Example of all the virtues,—
The President of Class B.

SLADEN, RUTH ("Rufus"), 385 North St., East Weymouth, Mass.

"A quiet and dignified air
Shows a great deal of knowledge rare."

SMITH, KATHERINE ("K"), 283 Forest Ave., Brockton, Mass. Glee Club, 1919-'20; French Club, 1919-'20; Dramatic Club, 1920-'22; Library Club, 1920-'22; Y. P. U.

In dramatics Katie was fine;
She always in music would shine;
She went home for week-ends with glee,
But never from duty would flee.

STORY, ALICE, Essex, Mass. Beta Gamma; Pres. of Library Club, 1921-'22; Chairman of Religious Committee of Y. P. U., 1921-'22; T. C.; Hospitality Committee, 1920.

Alice is clever, Alice is wise;
She knows quite a little
For a girl of her size.

UNSWORTH, NORA, 480 Weir St., Taunton, Mass.

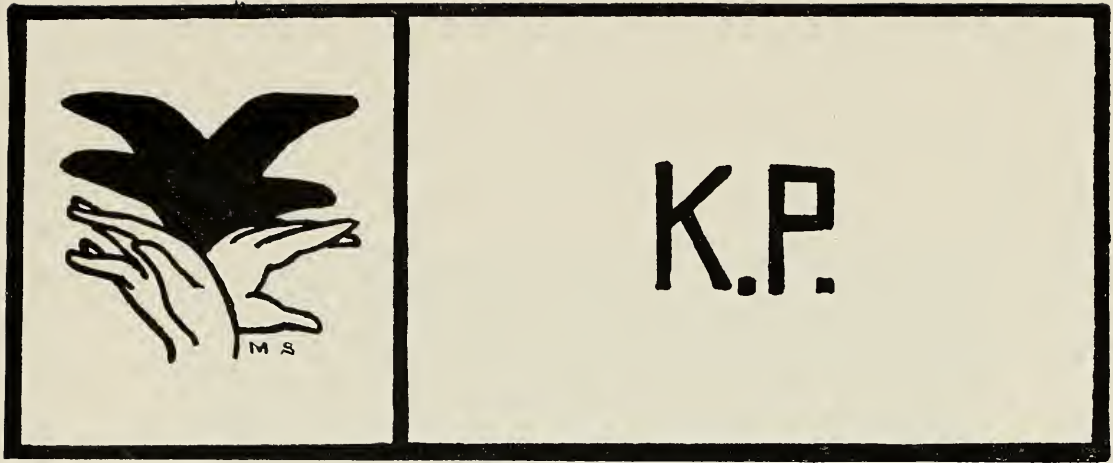
Yes, Nora is small we quite agree,
But only in stature, not in brains you see;
For in loyalty and spirit, of all the class,
We'll cheer for our Nora,—a wee bonnie lass.

Peace

By Estelle White

THE night was calm and very warm;
The bright red sun had just gone west;
The bees went homeward in a swarm;
The flowers, too, had gone to rest.

The ghostly hoots of owls were clear,
Which seemed to warn us of the night;
But still the brook was rippling near,
And through the trees the moon shone bright.



History of K. P. 1

By Edna Yates, Class Historian

We have attended Normal School three years and now we are pausing a moment to reflect.

In September, 1919, a group of girls known as K. P. 3's entered the Bridgewater Normal School. For the first few weeks we experienced the joys and thrills that come with any new undertaking. We had all heard of dormitory life and had wondered what it would be like, but reality exceeded anticipation, and who is able to express what it has done for us?

Life rolled smoothly on during the first year, each student being very busily engaged in her own way with studies, clubs, and socials. Our second year had in store a beautiful surprise. Miss Wells revealed to us the Kindergarten,—a lovely garden in which children can grow and develop. In addition we learned how the Mother Plays, games, songs, and educative playthings start the child well along the broad highway of life which we call education. This study and our Kindergarten training helped us not only in teaching, but also in formulating our own ideals of womanhood. To be a good teacher, one must first of all be a noble woman.

Training in the grades led us to see the connection between them and the Kindergarten, thus to realize more clearly the purpose of its foundation. There were indeed times when difficulties seemed insur-

mountable, but what satisfaction is there in accomplishing that which is easy?

Of the third year, a period of twenty-six weeks has been spent in training. It has aroused our interest until we thrill with enthusiastic desire to go out teaching. What vague visions come to mind upon the mere mention of it!

Wherever we shall be in the future, the memory of happy Normal days will always be with us!

For the insight we have gained,
And some learning now attained,
For examples fine to follow,
And for hopes fulfilled tomorrow,
Though we roam the whole world through,
We shall cherish thoughts of you,
Our Dear Alma Mater.

Class Roll

BOUTWELL, JENNY T. ("Jen"), 67 Shawsheen Rd., Andover, Mass. Vice-President K. P. II and I; Beta Gamma; Glee Club, 1919-1922; Normal Offering Board, 1920-1922; Library Club, 1919-1922; New Student Committee; Y. P. U. (Music Committee, 1921-1922); Class Gifts. In the lead with honors—"Head Musician of K. P. I."

Thoughtful and loving is Jenny T.,
One of the best friends there could be.

FLETCHER, GRACE K. ("G. K.," "Peg"), 76 Bank St., Burlington, Vt. President of K. P. II and I; Lambda Phi; T. C.; Y. P. U. (Religious Committee, 1921-1922); New Student Committee; Girl Scouts; Vice-President of Woodward Dormitory, 1921-1922; and President for middle term.

She has friends, Oh yes, a "pile"!
And for each she has a smile.

MARBLE, BEATRICE M. ("Bee"), Poquauticut Ave., Easton, Mass. Alpha Gamma Phi; Student Government Representative, 1919-'21; Vice-President of S. G. A., 1921-'22; Glee Club, 1919-'22; T. C., 1920-'22; Girl Scouts; "Normal Offering" Business Manager, 1920-'22; Y. P. U.; Class Will.

Strong and reliant, yet full of fun,
She sticks to a task until it's done.

ROGERS, DORIS ("Dottie"), 507 Elm St., Braintree, Mass. Class Prophetess.

"You have a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness."

SARTORI, MARY ("Sart"), Washington Place, Sharon, Mass. Sec. and Treas. of K. P. II and I; Dramatic Club, 1920-'22; Wardrobe Mistress, 1921; Glee

Club, 1919-'20; Library Club, 1920-'22; Girl Scouts; Y. P. U.; Class Farewell Poem.

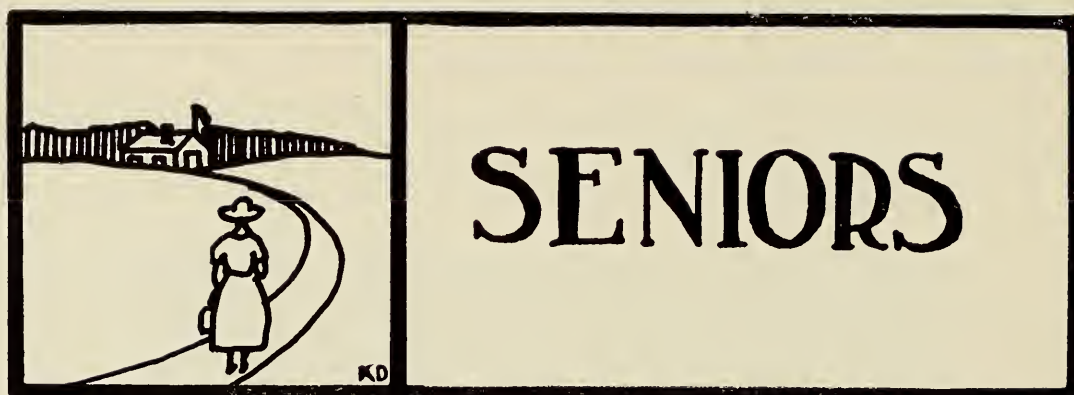
There is a girl in our class;
At sketching she's a clever lass;
When a teacher wants a work of art,
She always comes to Mary "Sart."



Back row: Miss Wells, Jenny Boutwell, Beatrice Marble, Grace Fletcher, Miss Keyes.
Front row: Doris Rogers, Edna Yates, Mary Sartori.

YATES, EDNA ("Ed"), 276 Collette St., New Bedford, Mass. Historian of K. P. II and I; Glee Club, 1919-'20; Dramatic Club, 1920-'22; French Club, 1919-'20; Library Club, Treasurer, 1920-'21; New Student Committee; Y. P. U., Music Committee, 1921-'22; Vice-President of Woodward Dormitory for middle term.

A fine, all-round sport,—
And as for brain capacity,
She certainly has her share.



President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Historian,

DORIS CAHOON
HELEN REGAN
CATHERINE FINN
AILENE MCGOUGH
GRACE KELLY

Class History

By Grace M. Kelly, Historian

The fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty will always remain a memorable day to every girl in the Senior Class of 1922 at Bridgewater Normal School. You may ask why that day is more important than any other and that question is easily answered. It was the day on which we first entered Normal School to begin the intensive preparation for our life work. Since then, many of us have changed remarkably. Who would recognize some of us now when going from class to class with a "professional attitude" as the same girls who were so gay and carefree when we came here from every corner of the State just two short years ago? Ah, but don't think we've settled down to be the staid, old-fashioned school ma'ams of yesterday! Quite the contrary, for you see we have learned in many classes that such is not desired to-day.

Early in our Junior year we learned that "all work and no play" is not necessary in the training of teachers. Let me recall some of our good times of that year. Do you remember the first social you

ever attended at Normal,—the Acquaintance Social? There we met many of our fellow students, some of whom later became our close friends.

We soon realized that we were a most promising class, for many were chosen from our midst to join the various clubs of the school, such as the Glee Club, the Dramatic Club, Library Club, "T. C.," "O. I. C.," and other organizations. When it came time for us to show our talent along social lines, we were able to demonstrate to the other classes that we were as capable as they, by entertaining them at a Chocolat Dansant and a memorable St. Patrick's Day Social.

In school we showed the upper classes that we were gifted with intellectual as well as social powers. This was proved by the large number of names on the Honor Roll.

Now we have completed our second year at Normal. Last fall we returned with renewed vigor after our long vacation, resolved to make this year even better than the last.

It was our turn to prepare for the Acquaintance Social and to make the new Juniors feel at home. Do you remember comforting some strayed lambs those first few days?

In due time a class meeting was held and officers to conduct the business of our class were elected.

Again this year we succeeded with "flying colors" in both school and social life. You can see for yourself that a number of the students have become ideal school teachers, both in the Training School and in outside practice. As for the social side! Just recall the good time you had at our Senior Social on February 21st. Surely you remember the queer sights you saw at that famous circus! And we really believed that our "Prom" surpassed any that was ever held at Normal School. The gymnasium was most attractively decorated for us. The girls, clad in their beautiful evening dresses, seemed extremely happy as they glided over the smooth floor with their partners, to the strains of sweet music. We shall long remember this as the event of events. Another "never-to-be-forgotten" evening was that spent at Faculty Reception.

Now that we have reached Commencement Day we have in our hearts a feeling of sadness at the thought of leaving our Normal School days behind us. The thought of parting with our classmates fills us with still greater sorrow, for who knows whether or not we

shall ever meet again? Nevertheless, we are cheered by the bright star in the distance, the sign of Biennial. So we, the Class of 1922, hope that all will make a great effort to meet at that time to renew our old acquaintance and meet new friends.

Class Roll

Senior I

ANDREWS, RUTH BOYD, Vineyard Haven, Mass. Y. P. U.

Faithful, sincere and true.

BENSON, MARY HOWARD, 241 Park St., Bridgewater, Mass. Beta Gamma; Student Government; Glee Club; O. I. C.; T. C. Treasurer; Publicity Committee; Girl Scouts.

Mary is jolly, pretty, and sweet,
And as clever a girl as one could meet.

CAHOON, DORIS MERTIS ("Dot"), Harwich, Mass. Lambda Phi; Class President, 1920-'22; Girl Scouts; Chairman of Junior Social Committee; Y. P. U.; Tennis Club.

Sweet and pretty,
Everyone's friend,
She'll stand by you
Until the end.

DANIELS, KATHERINE H., 7 Gibson Road, Newtonville, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Library Club Treas.; Glee Club; Tennis Club Pres.; Y. P. U. Vice-Pres.; O. I. C.; Publicity Committee; Student Government; Girl Scouts.

With her fine, high heart and blithe smile gay,
"Kay" is a treasure in every way.

DAVIS, FLORENCE E., West Wareham, Mass. Train Student Government.

Surely with this name,
In the fields of nature study
Should she win the greatest fame.

DRISCOLL, HELEN F., 904 Middle St., Fall River, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; French Club; Tennis Club.

Tall and slender and divinely fair,
Ever merry and free from care.

GILLIATT, EDITH M., Wellfleet, Mass. Alpha Gamma Phi; Girl Scouts; T. C.; Publicity Committee; Y. P. U.

The queen of the hearts of Senior I
Is Edith, so sweet and full of fun.

HENNESSEY, PHYLLIS, 4 Forest St., Middleboro, Mass. Train Student Government.

Happy, carefree, cheerful, sweet;
Even in size she's not petite.

HOLLOWAY, HELEN, 6 Taunton Ave., Middleboro, Mass. Train Student Government; Normal Offering Board, 1920-1921.

Sparkling eyes, a dazzling smile,
And merry wit all the while.



Top row: Mary Unsworth, Clara Turnquist, Helen Holloway, Ethel Sloat, Lillian Standish, Helen Northrup, Mildred Holloway.

Next row: Mary Sullivan, Margaret Slattery, Mary Benson, Miss Roth, Mr. Sinnott, Edith Gilliat, Phyllis Hennessy, Florence Davis, Madeline Shaw.

Next row: Katherine Daniels, Rhoda Ivers, Helen Regan, Doris Cahoon, Ruth Andrews, Evelyn Norton, Olive Minott.

Front row: Lillian Young, Helen Driscoll, Estelle White, Julia McGinness.

HOLLOWAY, MILDRED, 6 Taunton Ave., Middleboro, Mass.

Demur as a maiden of long ago,
With voice that is musically sweet and low.

McGINNESS, JULIA C., Lakeville, Mass.

Julia is a girl who certainly tries;
We claim her as one of our worthy allies.

IVERS, RHODA P., 611 Walnut St., Fall River, Mass. Glee Club; T. C.; Library Club; Tennis Club; Student Government; Girl Scouts; O. I. C.; Y. P. U.; Junior Social Committee; Publicity Committee,

Rhoda can joke, she also can draw;
She's the cleverest leader you ever saw.

MINOTT, OLIVE L., River St., Halifax, Mass. Beta Gamma; T. C.; Dramatic Club; Publicity Committee; Y. P. U. Pres.; Normal Offering Art Editor.

Olive is clever, Olive is gay;
She certainly is fine in every way.

NORTHRUP, HELEN G., 53 Walnut St., Somerville, Mass. Alpha Gamma Phi; Vice-Pres. Class, 1920-'21; Social Activity; Girl Scouts; Glee Club; Tennis Club; T. C.; O. I. C.; Y. P. U.; Publicity Committee.

Bright as the brightest,
Merry as the merriest,
Athletic, sweet, and true.

NORTON, EVELYN A., Vineyard Haven, Mass. Y. P. U.; T. C.

Here is a member of Senior One
Who is always happy and full of fun,
Always ready for work and play,
But shirks not her lessons from day to day.

REGAN, HELEN DOROTHY, 134 Broadway, Taunton, Mass. Lambda Phi; Vice-President of Class, 1921-1922; Glee Club; Library Club; Tennis Club; Junior Social Committee; Normal Offering, 1921-'22; Publicity Committee; T. C.

With her winsome face and her charming way,
She lives for the joy of it day by day.

SHAW, MADELINE, Carver, Mass. Y. P. U.; O. I. C.

A laugh that is merry and free from all care
Has endeared to us always this girl with bobbed hair.

SLATTERY, MARGARET M., 34 Briggs St., Taunton, Mass.

She has a name
That has won much fame;
We are sure that her's
Will do the same.

SLOAT, ETHEL MAY, 276 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Dramatic Club.

A personality charming and sweet,—
A smile for each person she happens to meet.

STANDISH, LILLIAN GLADYS, Wareham St., Middleboro, Mass.

A merry and very sweet little lass
With an "absolute pitch" for all of the class.

SULLIVAN, MARY D., 80 Buffington St., Fall River, Mass. O. I. C.; Train Student Government; Class Prophetess.

With ready wit and charming smile
Full many a heart she did beguile.

TERRY, ANNA C., Nantucket, Mass.

Bewitching, witty, demure, a true friend;—
May she keep these fine qualities to the end.

TUBMAN, MARGARET H., No. Brewster, Mass. Chairman of Publicity Committee.

Serene and unconscious she goes her way,
And cares not what the world may say.

TURNQUIST, CLARA S., 40 Station St., Quincy, Mass.

Some are born lucky,
Some are born bright;
In both of these ways
She has more than her right.

UNSWORTH, MARY F., 48 Weir St., Taunton, Mass.

"Silent, sweet, demure, and fair."

WHITE, ESTELLE ("Stella"), 515 William St., Fall River, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Library Club; Publicity Committee.

A sweeter girl there never was;
Her duties and work "she always does."

YOUNG, LILLIAN, King Philip St., Raynham, Mass.

Sweet and petite is Lillian Young,
Bright, blue-eyed maiden of Senior One.

Senior II

AMES, ESTHER JANE ("Jane"), 11 Mechanic St., North Easton, Mass. Question Mark Club; Glee Club, 1921-1922; Girl Scouts, 1921.

Esther, a good-natured, carefree lass,—
In alphabet, always at the head of her class.

AXTELL, GLADYS ("Glad"), 33 Main St., Fairhaven, Mass. Library Club; Student Government.

In Senior Two there is a girl
Who does her lessons well;
She's liked by everyone in the class
And her name is "Glad" Axtell.

BELL, GRACE A. ("Billy"), 43 Sheridan St., Haverhill, Mass. Beta Gamma; Y. P. U., 1922.

"She pleased while distant, but when near she charmed."

BOOTH, ELEANOR E. ("Boothie," "El"), 133 Reynolds St., New Bedford, Mass. Beta Gamma; Y. P. U.

Eleanor Booth of Senior Two
Is a lovely girl whom we all admire;
Her disposition and happy smile
Are things of which we never tire.

BOYNTON, DOROTHY M. ("Dot"), State Farm, Mass. Orchestra; Class Phophetess.

Dot we call a clever lass,
Wise in her lessons and true to her class.

BRADLEY, BERNICE G. ("Bunny"), 609 Main St., Wareham, Mass. Glee Club, 1921-'22.

It's "Oh!" when she is happy
And "Oh my!" when she is sad,
And "Oh dear me!" when study
Makes her so very "mad."



Top row: Evelyn Gonsalves, Mary Callahan, Grace Bell, Eleanor Booth, Myrtle Chace, Gertrude Cronk, Catherine Fleming, Edna Butterworth, Lillian Dunn, Bertha Brightman.

Third row: Miriam Davee, Lela Webster, Dorothy Boynton, Eleanor Buckley, Grace Galvin, Catherine Finn, Florence Gardiner, Bernice Bradley, Madelyn Brennan, Gladys Axtell.

Second row: Marion Geiger, Dorothy Norris, Julia Flaherty, Miss Nye, Mr. Sinnott, Constance Brady, Beatrice Hoxie, Margaret Kelly, Catherine Morrissey

Front row: Esther Ames, Celia Coffey, Jane Broderick, Anna Jones, Mary Dwyer, Catherine Gelotte, Dorothy Copeland.

BRADY, CONSTANCE M. ("Connie"), 228 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass. Glee Club.

"It's the song she sings and the smile she wears
That make the sunshine everywhere."

BRENNAN, MADELYN M. ("Mad"), 194 Clinton St., New Bedford, Mass.
Sigma Theta Phi; Glee Club.

A maiden very sweet,
Slender and petite,
Graceful as a daisy fair,
Nodding in the summer air.

BRIGHTMAN, BERTHA M. ("Brighty"), 1693 Meridian St., Fall River, Mass.
Glee Club; O. I. C.; Scouts.

"With downcast eyes and modest grace."

BRODERICK, JANE G. ("Janey"), 518 Birch St., Fall River, Mass. Librarian
of Glee Club; Student Government; Publicity Committee.

There is no need that you compete;
For our Janey's laugh you cannot beat.

BUCKLEY, ELEANOR U., 35 Walnut St., Stoughton, Mass. Glee Club; Sigma
Theta Phi.

"Jolly, good natured, and sweet,
She's a girl you'd love to meet."

BUTTERWORTH, EDNA E. ("Ed"), Attleboro, Mass. Beta Gamma; Library
Club; Orchestra; Glee Club; Y. P. U.

"As a teacher we're certain that she'll succeed;
She's earnest in work and clever indeed."

CALLAHAN, MARY N. ("Cal"), 97 Vernon St., Norwood, Mass. Glee Club.

"I've made it a practice not to worry."

CHACE, MYRTLE M. ("Myrt"), 400 Earle St., New Bedford, Mass.

Bright and studious, always true
Is Myrtle Chace of Senior Two.

COFFEY, CECELIA D. ("Cele"), 183 Suffolk St., Holyoke Mass., O. I. C.

Among the things that never happen
In the annals of Senior Two,
Is Celia Coffey frowning,
I can't picture it, can you?

COPELAND, DOROTHY M. ("Dot," "Midget"), 173 Purchase St., Fall River,
Mass. O. I. C.; Y. P. U.

There's a cute little girl in our class
Who always is true blue,
And she is our Dot Copeland,
Of the class of Senior Two.

CRONK, GERTRUDE M. ("Gert"), 251 Hampstead St., Methuen, Mass. Beta
Gamma; Library Club; T. C.; Publicity Committee; Y. P. U.

A good old scout is little "Gert"
Always ready and never hurt,
A jolly member of Senior II;
Without this girl what would we do?

DAVEE, MIRIAM H. ("Mim," "A"), 53 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass. Glee Club; Student Government Association; Tennis Club.

"Always happy, never blue,
A fine addition to Senior Two."

DUNN, LILLIAN M. ("Dill"), Kingston, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Library Club.
Here's to Lill, a good old scout!

She always knows what the lesson's about;
She speaks in tones full and clear,
And volunteers with never a fear.

DWYER, MARY R. ("Marie"), 168 Brownell St., Fall River, Mass. Glee Club; Tennis Club; Library Club; Normal Offering Board, 1920-'21; Publicity Committee.

It is from Fall River she comes
This maiden so charming and fair;
And whether it be lessons or fun,
Our Mary's always "right there."

FINN, CATHERINE C. ("Finny"), 68 No. East St., Holyoke, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Secretary of Class, 1920-22; Dramatic Club; Library Club, 1921; Tennis Club; President of O. I. C.; Normal Offering Board, 1921-'22.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

FLAHERTY, JULIA A. ("Jollie"), Russell St., Hadley, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Tennis Club.

Jolly, a maiden very gay,
Plays pranks in her own little way;
But in class, my dear, Oh no!
She always does behave just so.

FLEMING, CATHERINE C. ("Cath"), 141 Adams St., Fairhaven, Mass. Beta Gamma; Library Club; Y. P. U.

A pleasant disposition,
A sunny, cheery smile;
That's why we like Catherine
And we'll like her all the while.

GALVIN, GRACE G. ("Dick"), 10 Batavia St., Boston, Mass. Glee Club; Library Club; Tennis Club; O. I. C.; Scouts.

If Gracie were not in Senior II,
I'm sure I don't know what we'd do.

GARDNER, FLORENCE E. ("Flossie"), West St., West Bridgewater, Mass. O. I. C.

"Ready for fun,
Ready for work,
Always ready and never a shirk."

GEIGER, MARION ("Dutchy," "Sis"), 38 Union St., So. Braintree, Mass.

"She's not noisy, loud, and gay,
But enjoys life in a quiet way."

GELOTTE, KATHERINE E. ("Corinne"), 26 Bennington St., Quincy, Mass.
Question Mark Club.

Neat and petite
Yet very sweet.

GONSALVES, EVELYN ("Ev"), 60 Dartmouth St., New Bedford, Mass.

She loves her school, she loves her work;
But a trip to New Bedford she never will shirk.

HOXIE, BEATRICE PACKARD ("Bee"), 77 Hillcrest Ave., Brockton, Mass.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

JONES, ANNA, 95 Park Ave., Bridgewater, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; First Vice-Pres. of O. I. C.

A jolly all-round girl is she,
And gymnastics is her specialty.

KELLY, MARGARET M. ("Peg"), 11 Union St., Taunton, Mass.

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on a thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses."

MORRISSEY, CATHERINE M. ("Cath"), 48 Exeter St., Lawrence, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Student Government, 1920-'21; Historian, Class, C and D, 1921; T. C.; O. I. C.; Tennis Club.

"May you never change except in name."

NORRIS, DOROTHY H. ("Dot"), 217 Fairmount Ave., Hyde Park, Mass.
Library Club; Tennis Club.

Of all the girls who are so bright
There's none like her,—
Our dark-eyed Dot.

WEBSTER, LELA C. ("Lee"), 231 Fairmount Ave., Hyde Park, Mass. Library Club; Tennis Club.

Here's to Lela, a jolly good friend,
Who never stays here a single week-end;
She isn't a person who puts on "airs,"
And for other people she always cares.

Senior III

GRODEN, ALICE M., 45 Garfield St., Cambridge, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Chairman of Social Activities Committee; Glee Club; Tennis Club; Chairman of Publicity Committee.

Grodie always first does stay
Whether it be work or play
And even on the seating list
The first seat for her is never missed.

GUPTILL, MARY AMANDA, 34 Summer St., Newburyport, Mass. Glee Club; Tennis Club; Social Activities Committee; Omego Iota Phi; Y. P. U.; Junior Social Committee.

"The laughter of girls is and ever was
Among the delightful sounds of the earth."

HALL, HELEN SELSBY, 120 Hart St., Taunton, Mass. Publicity Committee.

"Good health and good sense are two of the greatest blessings."



Top row: Olive Levering, Nora Mahoney, Isabella Haynes, Helen Lewis, Sarah Isherwood, Edith Harding, Helen Lyons.

Third row: Alice Groden, Edith Kling, Genevieve Kane, Hazel Kenworthy, Doris Hammond, Miss Prevost, Angela Hayes, Katherine Lysaght, Louise Ivers, Teresa Manley.

Second row: Mary Leary, Helen Hall, Lucy Hinsdale, Mr. Boyden, Alberta Jingleux, Lucille Hayden, Amanda Guptill.

Front row: Julia Harrington, Louise Hosp, Mildred Mahoney, Catherine Horan, Grace Kelley.

HAMMOND, DORIS IRENE, East Wareham, Mass.

There is a girl in our class,
Doris Hammond is her name;
She is a quiet, gentle lass,
But makes us love her just the same.

HARDING, EDITH FRANCES ("Hep"), Minot, Maine. T. C.; Y. P. U.; Tennis Club; Publicity Committee, Junior Year.

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity."

HARRINGTON, JULIA AGNES, 310 Summer St., New Bedford, Mass. Tennis Club; O. I. C.

'Tis in the song you sing and the smile you wear
That make the sunshine everywhere.

HAYDEN, LUCILLE, 511 County St., New Bedford, Mass. Girl Scouts; O. I. C.; Tennis Club.

Lucille, a conscientious girl of Senior III,
Always knows her lessons just as they should be.

HAYES, ANGELA JOSEPHINE, 268 Arnold St., New Bedford, Mass. Library Club.

"Still waters run deep."

HAYNES, ISABELLA DOROTHY ("Is"), 4 Carleton St., Haverhill, Mass. Library Club; Tennis Club.

Isabella! her smile is very sweet!
Whatever she does is very neat;
Her drawing is as good as it can be,
She surely is an honor to Senior III.

HINSDALE, LUCY ANNA ("Lou"), St. George P. O., Shelburne, Vermont. Beta Gamma; Student Government, 1920-'22; President T. C., 1921-'22; Y. P. U.; Publicity Committee; Library Club.

"By the work one knows the workman."

HORAN, CATHERINE MARY, 560 Broadway, Fall River, Mass. Library Club; O. I. C.; Tennis Club.

Little, but "Oh my!"

HOSP, LOUISE, 138 Aquidneck St., New Bedford, Mass. Library Club; Y. P. U.; Publicity Committee; Hospitality Committee, Tennis Club.

"She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad,
Rather like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of birds amid spring boughs."

HULTON, CORA, 1 Hemlock St., New Bedford, Mass. Y. P. U.

H is for Hulton
So quiet and shy.

ISHERWOOD, SARAH MAY ("Sally"), 35 Lester St., Fall River, Mass. Lambda Phi; Social Activities Association; Publicity Committee; Girl Scouts; Y. P. U.; Tennis Club; O. I. C.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with."

IVERS, LOUISE LAURETTA, 186 Oliver St., Fall River, Mass. Social Activities Committee; Publicity Committee; Girl Scouts; Tennis Club; O. I. C.; Library Club; Y. P. U.; Junior Social Committee; Senior Social Committee.

This girl has bobbed hair and all;
She isn't short, she isn't tall;
She is the life of Senior III,
A good sport we can all agree.

JONGLEUX, ALBERTA LUCY ("Jonki"), 428 West Elm St., New Bedford, Mass. Publicity Committee; Tennis Club; Library Club; Y. P. U.; Hospitality Committee.

From New Bedford came a maiden;
 Alberta is her name.
 She joined our class of Junior III
 And with us gained her fame.

KANE, GENEVIEVE MARIE, 1024 W. Hampden St., Holyoke, Mass. Glee Club; O. I. C.; Orchestra; Question Mark Club.

"We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose."

KELLEY, GRACE MARIE, 29 Woods Ave., Holyoke, Mass. O. I. C.; Question Mark Club; Junior Social Committee.

"Vessels large may venture more,
 But little boats should keep near shore."

KENWORTHY, HAZEL ELSIE, 30 Hirst St., Fall River, Mass. Glee Club; O. I. C.

Hazel is our song-bird rare;
 To Fall River she pays her fare.
 Every week-end she must go
 To see the one that loves her so.

KLING, EDITH LINNEA, 331 No. Cary St., Brockton, Mass. Publicity Committee.

Edith, Edith, fortunate are we
 To have had you with us in Senior III.

LEARY, MARY DOLORITA, 155 Oak St., Holyoke, Mass. Tennis Club; Library Club; O. I. C.

Kindness to her classmates and a pleasant smile,
 Have always made her presence most worth while.

LEVERING, OLIVE MARNOCK, 138 Boylston St., Brockton, Mass. Publicity Committee.

"She has a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever she says or does."

LEWIS, HELEN BARNARD, North Easton, Mass.

There is a girl named Helen,
 Who shuns not work or play
 In everything she's smiling
 Throughout the entire day.

LYONS, HELEN ("Peggy"), 55 Summer St., Weymouth, Mass. Student Government, 1920-'22; Publicity Committee.

"Can we ever have too much of a good thing?"

LYSAGHT, KATHERINE AGNES, 215 Ridge St., Fall River, Mass. Treasurer, O. I. C.; Normal Offering Board; Senior Class Committee; Tennis Club.

"Your words
 Are like little silver pebbles
 Teasing thoughtful pools
 Into laughing circles."

MAHONEY, NORA LOUISE, Reed St., Rockland, Mass.

Nora is pretty, we agree;
From care and worry she is free.
We're all as glad as we can be
That she is in our Senior III.

MANLEY, THERESA HANORA, 85 Lincoln St., No. Abington, Mass. Class Prophetess.

"Look you! I am the least concerned in my own interests."

Senior IV

DES LANDES, ELLA VIOLET, 113 Robeson St., New Bedford, Mass. Recording Sec., Library Club, 1921-'22; French Club, 1920-'21.

"She may be small (in stature, ay);
Yet there's more than a twinkle behind her eye."

MARSHAL, DORIS FRANCES ("Buddie"), 3 Midland Rd., Wellesley, Mass. Lambda Phi.

"Now, nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness."

MASON, DOROTHY ("Dot"), 3 Midland Rd., Wellesley, Mass. Library Club, 1920-'22; Glee Club, 1920-'22.

"She's not noisy, loud and gay,
But enjoys life in a quiet way."

McDONALD, MURIEL HOPEDALE ("Mac"), 59 James St., New Bedford, Mass. Glee Club, 1920-'22; Library Club, 1920-'22; Publicity Committee, 1920-'21.

" 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

McFADDEN, JOHANNA GERTRUDE ("Joe"), East St., West Bridgewater, Mass.

"It's her cordial way and her cheery smile
That makes the sun shine all the while."

McGOUGH, AILENE MAY M., 10 Clinton Ave., Holyoke, Mass. Treasurer of Class, 1921-'22; Class Prophetess, Associate Editor of Normal Offering; Glee Club, 1920-'22.

"The people free from cares, serene and gay
Pass all their troubled hours away."

McISAAC, GLADYS H. ("Mug-eye"), 35 Briggs St., Taunton, Mass. Glee Club, 1920-'22.

"She loves her school,
She loves her work;
But a week-end in Taunton
She never would shirk."

McPHEE, BEATRICE ("Bee"), 188 Bailey St., Lawrence, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; Publicity Committee, 1920-'21; Sec. Tennis Club, 1921-'22.

"It's the song she sings and the smile she wears
That make the sunshine everywhere."

MYLES, HILA ELEANOR ("Smiles"), 153 Hunter St., Fall River, Mass.

"A maiden, never bold of spirit,—still and quiet."



Top row: Elizabeth Sampson, Mary Shields, Evelyn Riley, Johanna McFadden, Katherine Ryan, Hilda Miles.

Third row: Beatrice McPhee, Ailene McGough, Gladys Reynolds, Anna Quinn, Marie Phillips, Ruth Rigby, Eleanor Ripley, Mora Norton.

Second row: Ella Deslandes, Doris Marshall, Gladys McIsaac, Celia Pierce, Miss Newton, May O'Connell, Helen Pray, Muriel McDonald.

Front row: Dorothy Mason, Flora Roderick, Beatrice Sherman, Mary Roza, Mildred Shaw.

NORTON, MORA E., Oak Bluffs, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Y. P. U.; Tennis Club, 1921-'22.

"We all know her, we all like her;
More than that we need not say."

O'CONNELL, MAY ELIZABETH, 94 Caswell St., Taunton, Mass.

"Music is her pastime,
Music is her play,
Music is her specialty
On which she work alway ."

PHILLIPS, MARY MARGARET ("Marie"), 99 Elm St., Bradford, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Sec. and Treas. of Woodward; Library Club, 1921-'22; Glee Club, 1920-'22; Publicity Committee, 1920-'21.

"Silence was given to woman, the better to express her thought,—but you never can tell."

PIERCE, CECELIA ELIZABETH ("Percy"), Main St., Wellfleet, Mass. Glee Club, 1920-'22.

"Ready for fun, ready for work,
Always ready and never a shirk."

PRAY, HELEN ADAMS ("Happy"), 97 Broad, St., Weymouth, Mass. Beta Gamma; Girl Scouts, 1921-'22; Glee Club, 1920-'22; Library Club, 1921-'22; T. C.; Class Representative of Normal Offering, 1920-'21; Publicity Committee, 1920-'21; Hospitality Committee.

"Here is one who for study finds
Heaps of time,—so always shines."

QUINN, ANNA ("Quinny"), 356 So. Union St., Lawrence, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Library Club, 1921-'22.

Anna believed, "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

REYNOLDS, GLADYS C. ("Glad"), 88 Park St., New Bedford, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Student Government, 1920-'21.

For if she will—she will,
And if she won't—she won't,
And that's all there is on't."

RIGBY, Ruth ("Rig"), 12 Reynolds St., New Bedford, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Library Club, 1921-'22; Tennis Club, 1920-'21; Publicity Committee, 1920-'21; Hospitality Committee.

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

RILEY, EVELYN MAUD ("Ev"), 555 Whipple St., Fall River, Mass. Library Club, 1921-'22; T. C.; Glee Club, 1920-'22.

"A quiet young lady of Senior 4,
Always ready with something more."

RIPLEY, ELEANOR MARION (Rip"), Oak Bluffs, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; Student Government, 1920-'21; Girl Scouts, 1920-'21; Tennis Club, 1920-'21; Library Club, 1921-'22.

"Always cheerful and full of fun,
With a gleaming smile that rivals the sun."

RODERICK, FLORA MAE, 464 Allen St., New Bedford, Mass. Library Club, 1921-'22; O. I. C., 1920-'22; Y. P. U.

"Swift as a shadow,
Short as any dream."

ROZA, MARY OLIVE ("Rosy"), Barstow St., Mattapoisett, Mass. Library Club, 1921-'22; O. I. C., 1920-'22; Y. P. U.

"Still waters run deep."

RYAN, CATHERINE HELENA ("K"), 17 Annis Ct., Brockton, Mass. Train Student Government.

"Better late than never."

SAMPSON, ELIZABETH SARGENT ("Sammy"), 35 Greenleaf St., Quincy, Mass. Beta Gamma; Girl Scouts, 1920-1922; O. I. C., 1920-'22; Treas. Tennis Club, 1921-'22; Religious Committee of Y. P. U.; Hospitality Committee.

"An open-hearted maiden true and pure."

SHAW, MILDRED COVELL ("Shaw"), Prospect St., So. Dartmouth, Mass. Library Club, 1921-'22; O. I. C., 1920-'22; Scouts, 1920-'21; Tennis Club, 1920-'21; Y. P. U.

"Quick to do, quick to dare."

SHERMAN, BEATRICE MAY ("Bee"), 44 Greenleaf St., Quincy, Mass. Beta Gamma; Glee Club, 1920-'22; Hospitality Committee.

"Industrious and thoughtful in all she does."

SHIELDS, MARY ELIZABETH JAMES ("Jimmie"), 332 Summer St., West Somerville, Mass. Glee Club, 1921-'22.

"A quiet and dignified air
Shows a great deal of knowledge rare."

Senior V

ABBIATTI, RUTH J., 99 Verchild St., Quincy, Mass.

"Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat."

BARRY, MARY J., 5 Fountain St., Haverhill, Mass.

"Still waters run deep."

BROTHERS, GLADYS M. ("Glad"), Hinesburg, Vermont. Library Club.

"Good nature is one of the richest gifts."

ISHAM, MARION ("Jackie"—"Ikie"), Willeston, Vt. Glee Club; Girl Scouts.

"Jack" is her nickname,
But "Iky" she's called;
A very good sport
And that isn't all.

KARL, GERTRUDE ("Gert"—"Karlie"), 75 Fort St., Fairhaven, Mass. Omega Iota Phi; O. I. C.; Dramatic Club, '22; Class Prophetess; Social Activities; Tennis Club; Scouts; Hockey Team; Junior Social Committee; Y. P. U.; Glee Club, '21; Hospitality Committee.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

MEAGHER, ELIZABETH M., ("Ma"), 2 Osborne St., Fall River, Mass. Tau Beta Gamma; French Club; Junior Social Committee; O. I. C.; Tennis Club; Hockey Team; Orchestra; Normal Offering Board, '22.

She wears a smile on her face
And she's every one's pal;
Lovable and full of grace,
She's one fine 'gal.'



Back row: Geraldine Woods, Lauretta Taylor, Gertrude Karl, Winifred Veazie, Gertrude Wright, Elizabeth Worthing, Mary Barry.
Third row: Marion Isham, Catherine Tobin, Elizabeth Meagher, Carrie Worthing, Mary Smith, Bertha Simpson, Elsie Reddy.
Second row: Esther Sullivan, Esther Thomas, Miss Roth, Mr. Kelley, Mildred White, Alice Vadeboncoeur.
Front row: Helen Taylor, Ruth Abbiatti, Frances Powell, Alma Ward.

POWELL, FRANCES E., 27 Ellis St., Brockton, Mass.

Frances Powell is as sweet as she can be;
At the first of last year she was in Class C,
But during the year she changed her mind
And joined Senior 5, the best of its kind.

REDDY, HELEN C. ("Red"), 30 Ash St., Fall River, Mass. Library Club; Vice-President of Glee Club; Secretary of O. I. C.

In arguing too, the teachers admit her skill,
For e'en though vanquished, she could argue still.

SIMPSON, BERTHA M., Attleboro, Mass.

"A friendship which makes the least noise is often the most useful."

SMITH, MARY E. ("Smithie"), 86 Harvard St., Dedham, Mass.

Mary is a lass quite dear to her class.

SULLIVAN, ESTHER J., 27 Elm Avenue, Brockton, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi.

A shy and demure maiden.

TAYLOR, HELEN L., 835 Cohannet St., Taunton, Mass. Glee Club; Scouts.

She loved her work,
She loved her school,
She loved good sports,
And broke no rule.

TAYLOR, LAURETTA B. ("Ted"), Wellfleet, Mass. Tennis Club; T. C.; O. I. C.

A smile and a good word for all

THOMAS, ESTHER M., Harwichport, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi; Normal Offering Board, '21; Tennis Club.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time,
You can fool all of them some of the time,
But you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

TOBIN, CATHERINE M. ("Pa"), Wellfleet, Mass. Hockey Team; Junior Social Committee.

"A soul so full of summer warmth,
So glad, so healthy, sound and whole."

VEAZIE, WINIFRED, Hyannis, Mass.

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

VADEBONCOEUR, ALICE ("Al"), 21 Willey St., Haverhill, Mass. Question Mark Club; French Club; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club.

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

WARD, ALMA L., Billerica, Mass.

"Slow and steady wins the race."

WHITE, MILDRED D. ("Mil"), 33 Plain St., Taunton, Mass.

"Wise of mind, great in heart."

WORTHING, CARRIE M., Chatham, Mass. Sigma Theta Phi.

A "plug" she is not, we all agree;
A very good sport—is our Carrie.

WORTHING, ELIZABETH, West Bridgewater, Mass. Beta Gamma.

For she is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies.

WOODS, GERALDINE ("Jerry"), Epping, N. H.

"Her voice is ever soft and low."

WRIGHT, GERTRUDE ("Betty"), Billerica, Mass.

"Strew gladness on the paths of men;
You will not pass this way again."

Special Students

GAMMONS, MRS. LUCY, Middleboro, Mass.

GILPIN, HAZEL ELVIRA, Westfield, Vt.

GROSS, KATHERYNE ELAINE, 176 High St., Abington, Mass.

MARSHALL, MARY PAGE, 3 Midland Road, Wellesley, Mass.

MEYER, ANNE NICHOLS, 31 Fern St., Brockton, Mass.

PEASE, F. MAUDE, 148 Washington St., Springfield, Mass.

Appreciation

By S. Louise Dickinson

THESE are the things I like about the night,—
 That bring a throbbing ache into my throat:
 The high white splendor of the autumn moon,
 The thrill of whip-poor-will's recurring note,
 The road, agleam between the shadowy trees,
 Or mottled with the restless black and white,
 And over all, a brooding mystery.
 These are the things I like about the night.

November

By John J. Balfe

NOVEMBER is a cheerless month,
 The greyest of them all;
 The trees have cast away their leaves,
 And snow begins to fall.

The wind now blows an icy blast
 That pierces through and through,
 And earth has lost her golden warmth;
 Dull skies replace the blue.



President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Historian,

S. LOUISE DICKINSON
RUTH HUNT
ELSIE McPHEE
HENRY GOODWIN
ANNA M. BRADY

Class History

By Anna M. Brady, Class Historian

At the beginning of the school year Classes C and D united to form the happy group known as Class C. Perhaps it was difficult to acquire a strictly professional manner at first; but since such an attitude seemed to be the correct thing to possess, it was not long before most of the members of the class announced that they considered themselves professional to the n th degree.

The program was entirely different from that of the previous year and it was with some fear and trembling that we approached our new classes. We soon overcame our fear, however, and in history class produced a "Scrap Book of the Conference," which was judged by the whole class to be a marvel of technical skill. When we realized that future generations might benefit as a result of our hours of labor, our admiration for one another knew no bounds!

The first event on our calendar was the week-end party for Classes D1 and D2. During the barn dance and the all-day hike to

Laughing Waters we became better acquainted with the members of those classes.

The Hallowe'en Social proved a great success, where Pierrots danced with Puritan maids, and Spanish dancers with sedate gentlemen.

During the year, many theatre parties at the Princess were featured, and the class made a prompt exodus from the school building at 3.35 to get front seats for "Way Down East."

The sleigh ride, so long planned, was not strictly a class affair, but those who went despite the cold will not soon forget the event so happily chaperoned by Miss Bradford and Miss Lansley.

Later in the year, after the terror of the fifty question tests was over, Class C took charge of the Near East Relief drive, to which the whole school gladly contributed.

During the last term, we began our major work, as a result of which the students were separated for the first time.

The year has been a very pleasant one for all of us, and it will long be remembered.

Class Roll

GOODWIN, HENRY RUSSELL,	10 Lincoln St., Brookfield
MacLACHLAN, MURRAY G.,	State Farm, Bridgewater
ANNIS, HARRIET ETHEL,	131 Grove St., Bridgewater
BACHELDER, LOUISE,	32 Dodge St., Malden
BARLOW, MARION ANNIE,	106 Buffington St., Fall River
BEARMAN, ESTHER,	24 Crescent Place, Brockton
BEATON, DORA PERKINS,	27 Everett St., Abington
BIRD, MARGARET ANDREWS,	89 No. Central St., East Bridgewater
BOARDMAN, DOROTHY MAE,	58 Union St., Holbrook
BRADY, ANNA MORGAN,	85 Chancery St., New Bedford
BUZZELL, ENID LUCILLE,	18 Winthrop Ave., Bridgewater
DALTON, MILDRED FRANCES,	602 Warren Ave., Brockton
DICKINSON, S. LOUISE,	83 Dean St., Bridgewater
FITZPATRICK, ELLEN BEATRICE,	53 Capen St., Stoughton
FLYNN, ROSE CATHERINE,	410 High St., Bridgewater
FRASER, HAZEL SPOONER,	816 Plymouth St., Abington
GAY, HELEN VIRGINIA,	215 Washington St., Woburn
GILMAN, JENNIE BERENICE,	1139 Washington St., No. Abington
GOOD, ANNA KATHERINE,	11 Fair View Ave., Randolph
GOTTHOLM, FLORENCE CATHERINE,	5 Rockwell Terrace, Malden
GURNEY, MARIAN ROOSEVELT,	17 Walker St., Atlantic
HARGREAVES, BLANCHE EVELYN,	28 Randolph St., No. Abington

HARRIS, MYRTLE FELISE,	637 Crescent St., Brockton
HAYES, KATHERINE MARY,	123 Riverview St., Campello
HICKEY, KATHRYN MAE,	294 Plain St., Rockland
HUNT, RUTH ELIZABETH,	57 Spring Hill Ave., Bridgewater
KENT, MARGUERITE MARY,	So. Main St., West Bridgewater
KINNIERY, MARY PAULA,	90 David St., New Bedford
McPHEE, ELSIE GERTRUDE,	31 Talbot Ave., Malden
MEDEIROS, VERA MARIE,	Page St., Avon
NASH, FRANCES MERIEL,	38 Everett St., Abington
PERKINS, DOROTHY,	34 Tower St., Somerville
RANDALL, MARGARET ELIZABETH,	315 No. Main St., Randolph
RIPLEY, LOUISE HOWARD,	East Center St., West Bridgewater
RUSSELL, MARIETA FRANCES	65 Sagamore Ave., West Medford
RYAN, HELEN MILDRED,	122 Myrtle St., Rockland
STILES, BERNICE,	24 Pierce Court, No. Weymouth
TUCKWELL, LORA ELIZABETH,	22 High St., Merrimacport
WHITE, ANNA MAGDALEN,	273 Reed St., Rockland

Feuille d'Automne

By Diane Gauthier

Belle et charmante au printemps de ta vie
 Tu ignorais toute souffrance
 Mais le temps dans sa course t'a flétrie
 T'enlevant toute espérance
 Hélas! Rien n'est resté de tes beaux jours.
 Livrée sans pitié aux vents cruels
 Ta jeunesse est passéé pour toujours.
 C'est la destinée des mortels.

N - O - E - L

By Lucia U. O'Hara

N signifie naissance.
 Le Fis nous était né.
 O pour notre obéissance
 Et bonne volonté.
 E pour l'Enfant adorable,
 Digne, pur, et sacré,
 L, la Lumière admirable
 D'un gens mal éclairé.

Class History, K. P. 2

By Ellyn Richardson, Class Historian

It was late in the afternoon. The sun was just beginning to set when Mrs. Brown looked out of her window. "Where can the postman be?" she thought. Just then he came in sight and walked toward her house.

"A letter from Jack, I'm sure," she exclaimed, and ran to the door. But it wasn't from Jack and the post mark was a strange one.

"Dear Judith," the letter began, "Don't you remember your old roommate, Alice Thomas, at Bridgewater?" Alice! This was certainly unexpected!

After reading the letter, Mrs. Brown pulled her chair up in front of the fireplace, and began to think about her old Normal School days.

Yes, she had been a K. P. Student. "I wonder," she mused, "if they are still having a Kindergarten and Primary course?"

Suddenly a curious little voice proceeding from the fire, unexpectedly spoke up and said, "I am a messenger from Bridgewater; I will tell you all about it if you really want to know!"

What do you think! There sitting on the log was a little old man with long, snowy-white hair and a beard which reached nearly to the edge of his doublet.

Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "I am going to tell you about the K. P. 2's because they are in the Kindergarten now."

"Oh, do," said Mrs. Brown, forgetting her amazement at the man's presence there, in her desire to hear more.

"There are just seven of them now," he piped, "and a jollier class I never did see. Three of them are in the Training School and the other four are having an exceedingly pleasant time in the Kindergarten. Just yesterday morning I peeped in and there was Mary Arringdale seated at the piano playing and all those dear children were standing and singing 'Good Morning' to the sunshine, which was streaming in through the window.

"Oh! You should have attended the social which they gave last year, when they converted the 'Gym' into a regular old-fashioned

garden. This year they turned themselves into musicians and became a Kitchen Orchestra. They kept everyone guessing what 'K. O.' stood for until the night of the performance.

"K. P.3 joins K. P.2 twice a week in Miss Well's class and I wish you could see that big family gathered around her table having the jolliest time sewing and making pretty designs. You should see the tea set they made with clay.

"Just last week Elizabeth Farr was teaching her children how to tell angles and some of Mary Arringdale's children are really ready to read, but I can't stop to tell you any more now. You will have to go to see these things for yourself."

Like a flash the little man had disappeared, leaving a stream of smoke behind him.

Mrs. Brown awoke with a start to find her husband shaking her and saying, "Judith, dear, supper is all ready; do come and eat."

Class Roll

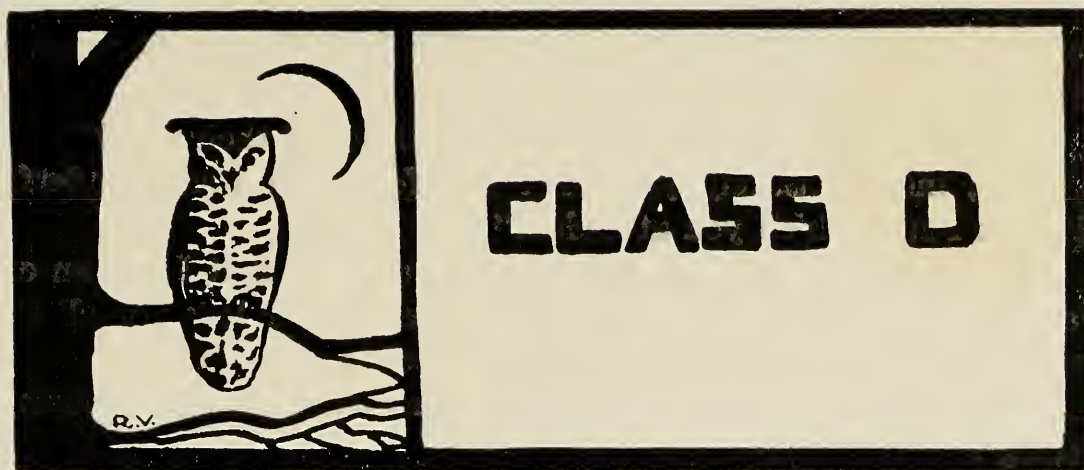
ARRINGDALE, MARY V.,
BALDWIN, MARTHA A.,
FARR, ELIZABETH A.,
FITTS, DOROTHY E.,
MOSGROVE, BEATRICE C.,
RICHARDSON, ELLYN S.,
ROGERS, VIVIAN A.,

10 West St., Milton
70 Woodside Ave., Waterbury, Conn.
107 Chestnut St., New Bedford
64 Bigelow St., Quincy
21 Green St., Fairhaven
268 Washington St., Belmont
20 Florence St., Hudson

Pessimists and Optimists

By Lillian Standish

Some persons who are always "blue"
Make other lives distressful too;
Some persons with a cheery smile
Make life worth living all the while.



Class History

By Rose Schifino, Class Historian

Buzz! Buzz! (The telephone bell rings.)

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is this Bridgewater Normal School?"

"Yes."

"This is a representative of the Normal Offering Board. We wish some information about the Classes D1 and D2 for the year book."

"I could relate a great many interesting things about the D. Classes, but as I realize that you have only a limited space for each division, I will make my statement brief.

"The Classes D1 and D2 entered the Normal School in September, some students taking the three-year course, others taking the new four-year course for which a degree is to be given. In a short time all members acquired ambition and interest, and devoted themselves to the mastery of their lessons. They are interested in all their studies, but the favorite ones are composition, which helps in overcoming various grammatical faults and also errors in pronunciation and punctuation; library instruction, which teaches the use of reference books with proper economy of time; and arithmetic, with all its puzzling problems."

"Who are the class officers?"

"The officers are Dolores Murphy, President; Sylvia Hall, Vice-President; Miriam O'Brien, Secretary; Elizabeth Savage, Treasurer; and Rose Schifino, Historian."

"Have the D Classes had any social activities of their own?"

"Yes, indeed! Surely you have not forgotten that wonderful Valentine Party which you attended!"

"Indeed, I have not, and you may rest assured that I had an enjoyable time, and that I came away with a greater love for all the classes in dear old Normal, and for the school as a whole."

"Then you will give the D Classes some space in that 'Normal Offering'?"

"I certainly will, and the Normal Offering Board extends to Classes D1 and D2 best wishes for the success which will undoubtedly be attained."

Class Roll—D 1

BALFE, JOHN JOSEPH,	377 Norfolk St., Cambridge
DAVIDSON, JAMES EDWARD,	20 Chapel St., Abington
MOREY, RICHARD FRANCIS,	109 Bedford St., East Bridgewater
O'NEILL, GEORGE MEAD,	22 Franklin St., Wakefield
BACON, MARY,	36 Cherry St., Spencer
CARR, EDNA GERTRUDE,	Oxford St., Fall River
CARTER, INEZ MILDRED,	1027 C St., Quincy
CONNOR, DOROTHY BEATRICE,	54 Mt. Everett St., Dorchester
COULSON, ROSINA RUTH,	154 Cedar St., Whitman
DICKINSON, ALICE E.,	83 Deane St., Bridgewater
FERGUSON, JESSIE,	53 Richmond St., Brockton
GIZARELLI, ESTHER RITA,	166 School St., Brockton
GRIFFITH, MARJORIE,	South Carver
HALL, SILVIA ANNE,	West Harwich
HAMMOND, RUTH DORIS,	281 Main St., Wareham
HARVEY, EUNICE RITA,	No. Main St., North Easton
HOLLAND, LILLIAN MARY,	83 Hazeltine St., Bradford
KELLEHER, MARGARET D.,	15 Moraine St., Brockton
KEENAN, GRACE DORIS,	So. Main St., West Bridgewater
KING, MARGARET MARCELLINA,	812 No. Montello St., Montello
LAWSON, AMY GERTRUDE,	280 Copeland St., Campello
LEONARD, EDNA SANBORN,	445 Plymouth St., East Bridgewater
MARSHALL, ISABELLA AGNES,	8 Hillside Ave., Warren
McHUGH, MARGARET ANNA,	24 Dublin Rd., Rockland
McKENZIE, CHRISTINA MAYVETTE,	R. F. D. 1, No. Billerica
MURPHY, MARY DOLORES,	7 Macon Ave., Haverhill
O'HARA, LUCIA URSULA,	786 Walnut St., Fall River

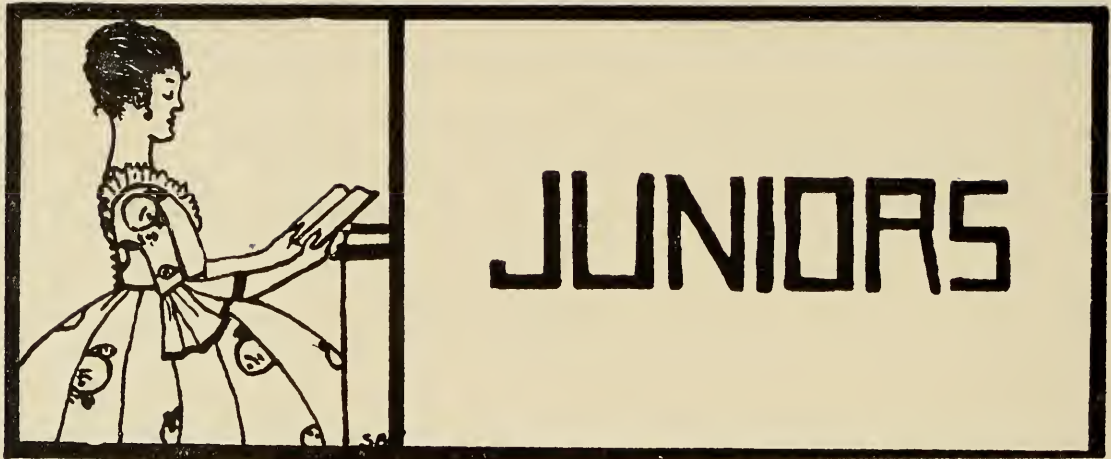
PAPINEAU, FLORENCE CATHERINE,
 PIERCE, MABEL ELIZABETH,
 SCHIFINO, ROSE,
 SIRANOSSIAN, SARTENIG H.,
 SYLVARIA, EMILY FRANCES,
 VEAZIE, ROSALIND,
 WOOD, ALICE,

124 Copeland St., Campello
 Box 616, North Brookfield
 12 North Main St., Avon
 63 Oak St., Bridgewater
 Baptist St., Mattapoisett
 180 Summer St., Bridgewater
 Titicut District, Bridgewater

Class Roll—B 2

BOUTILIER, HAZEL M.,
 BYRNE, CATHERINE R.,
 COLLINS, WALTRUDE K.,
 CROWLEY, MARCELLA,
 DOHERTY, EILEEN,
 DUFFY, HAZEL M.,
 ELLIS, MILDRED P.,
 FITZGERALD, CLAIRE B.,
 FITZGIBBON, J. EILEEN,
 FLOOD, DOROTHEA A.,
 FLYNN, MADELEINE E.,
 FOURNIER, A. JEANETTE,
 GIDA, MARY V.,
 HEACOCK, FLORENCE E.,
 HOLMES, ALICE A.,
 LANMAN, FRANCES M.,
 LANNIN, MABEL E.,
 LYNCH, ANNA L.,
 McDONALD, ALICE M.,
 McKENNEY, NORINE G.,
 MONKS, FLORENCE L.,
 McLAUGHLIN, MARGARET M.,
 MURPHY, GRACE M.,
 NEWELL, GLADYS J.,
 NUGENT, CELIA A.,
 O'BRIEN, MIRIAM,
 PODGORSKA, HELEN L.,
 SAVAGE, ELIZABETH B.,
 SHEPHARD, DOROTHY W.,
 TURNER, KATHERINE,

20 Crapo St., Taunton
 7 Owens Ave., Brockton
 15 Union St., Shawsheen Village
 20 Bridge St., Monson
 270 Allen St., New Bedford
 634 Cottage St., New Bedford
 29 Huntington St., Brockton
 603 Union St., Rockland
 421 Union St., Rockland
 70 Woodland Ave., Brockton
 57 Franklin St., Somerville
 186 Cove St., New Bedford
 24 Morton Court, New Bedford
 856 Warren Ave., Brockton
 827 High St., Bridgewater
 595 Washington St., Abington
 38 Exchange St., Rockland
 144 Canton St., Stoughton
 44 Park St., Palmer
 61 Wyman St., Brockton
 201 Copeland St., Brockton
 52 Cambridge St., Lawrence
 473 Walnut St., Fall River
 42 Stewart St., Watertown
 78 Forest Ave., Brockton
 115 Rockland St., Abington
 16 Warren St., New Bedford
 40 Cliftwood Ave., Springfield
 Onset
 Norwell



Class History

By Irene R. Foley, Class Historian

Attention! Yes, it is the fairy word which we all know, but in this case it means to listen carefully, for you are about to hear of the renowned Juniors that entered Bridgewater Normal School on September 12, 1921.

Like all new Juniors, we attended Chapel exercises the first morning, wondering all the while what was coming next, but not worrying, for we were ready to welcome whatever was awaiting us. We were told where our first class room was; then after each period we returned to the Assembly Hall and were directed to the next class room. Of course we thought that our kind Principal did this because he liked to see us often, and we were extremely glad to see him.

The Hospitality Committee was most kind to us from the time of our arrival. They met us at the train; they escorted us to the office; they untiringly showed us the vacant dormitory rooms, some of which we chose for our own little abodes. They gave us the A. B. C. Social in order that we might get acquainted with everyone and feel more at home in our new surroundings. They even had sings on the stairs at which they sang "Home, Sweet Home," "All by Myself" and "To Normal I Came in September." But it was useless! They could not make a single Junior shed a tear, for we were aware of their intentions.

Although we never stood in awe of the Seniors, we took steps

to show that we respected them by letting them pass into the dining hall before us. At this time we may also remind you that it was the Juniors who advocated waiting in the reception room until the dining hall doors were opened, instead of waiting just outside the doors.

We upheld all the classes by patronizing their socials and we did our part in entertaining the school by having a gay May Festival.

Not only in social activities did we excel, but also in our studies. Each class showed marked ability and originality in the discussions concerning the Disarmament Conference, which were held after Chapel exercises on several mornings.

Our endurance was even greater than that of any other Junior Class has been, for we not only survived the regular examinations, but we also underwent the agonies of taking fifty additional questions in each subject.

Although we are about to become highly respected, dignified Seniors, we shall gladly let our minds wander back often to our good old Junior days.

Class Roll

Junior I

ALLEN, HAZEL B.,	Brewster
BOLSTER, HILDA G.,	17 Pine St., Taunton
BRASK, SIGNE M.,	23 Twelfth St., Attleboro
BRENNAN, ALICE D.,	52 Lake View St., Whitman
FORD, ELSIE M.,	65 Central Ave., Dalton
GANNON, ANNA E.,	510 Broad St., East Weymouth
GAUTHIER, DIANE,	904 Middle St., Fall River
GROSS, KATHERYNE,	376 High St., Abington
HARRINGTON, MARY L.,	522 Plymouth St., Fall River
HIRONS, RUTH M.,	Tyler St., Attleboro
HOERNLEIN, ADELINE,	15 Second St., Taunton
LAWLOR, MARGARET M.,	53 Park St., Taunton
LOPES, LILY R.,	32 Sagamore St., New Bedford
LYNCH, ELIZABETH M.,	650 Cherry St., Fall River
LYNCH, JENNIE M.,	123 North St., Randolph
McCARTHY, KATHERINE,	254 Washington St., Taunton
McKINNON, ELEANOR,	10 Euclid Ave., Quincy
McMAHAN, EILEEN,	391 Somerset Ave., Taunton
MEDEIROS, OTHYLIA A.,	316 Dartmouth St., New Bedford
MULVEY, ALICE M.,	11 Preshrey Ave., Taunton

MURPHY, CHARLOTTE T.,
 NOYER, MATYLDIA,
 REID, ELIZABETH J.,
 SHAPIRO, LILLIAN E.,
 TERRY, MARY,
 WITHERELL, LOUISE C.,

101 Hawthorne St., East Weymouth
 Fairhaven
 28 James St., Taunton
 456 Hope St., Fall River
 10 Darling St., Nantucket
 369 Tremont St., Taunton

Junior II

ALDEN, MARION FRANCES,
 ANDREWS, FLORENCE ELIZABETH,
 AYLWARD, NORA FARRELL,
 BALBONI, LOUISE MARY,
 BARRETT, BEATRICE EMMA,
 BARROWS, JANETTE ELLWYN,
 BARTELLI, ALICE ARLINE,
 BARTLETT, MARIE PHILLIPS,
 BATES, JOE ARLINE
 BERMAN, SADYE ANNE,
 BUCKLEY, MARGARET ELLEN,
 CAPPABIANCA, GRACE MARIE,
 CARNEY, DOROTHY MARY,
 CLARK, CATHERINE CONSTANCE,
 CLEARY, CATHERINE HELEN,
 COLLINS, LILLIAN THERESA,
 COYNE, CATHERINE MAY,
 COYNE, GRACE ELIZABETH,
 CRONAN, FLORENCE GERTRUDE,
 DARCY, JANE VERONICA,
 DEADY, MARION CATHERINE,
 DECOSTER, MINETTA BRADLEY,
 DESMOND, MARY LOUISE,
 DeWITT, HARRIET ISABELLE,
 DONAHUE, MARGARET HOPE,
 FALLON, MARY
 MEYER, ANNE NICHOLS,
 WARREN, BEATRICE COLLIER,

25 Charles St., Whitman
 4 Lewis St., Plymouth
 90 Kenyon St., New Bedford
 58 Spring St., Bridgewater
 20 Fair St., Nantucket
 41 Putnam St., Quincy
 Maple St., Kingston
 Ocean View Farm, Nantucket
 391 Ash St., Brockton
 44 Edison Park, Quincy
 535 Main St., Bridgewater
 33 Altamont St., Haverhill
 56 Cottage St., Randolph
 190 East Dwight St., Holyoke
 384 Oak St., Bridgewater
 Hingham
 824 Main St., South Wareham
 824 Main St., South Wareham
 33 Arch St., Middleboro
 271 Kilburn St., Fall River
 17 Glenwood Way, Quincy
 Hopedale
 930 Plymouth Ave., Fall River
 221 Elliott Ave., Milton
 30 Oak St., Franklin
 191 Abbott St., Lawrence
 31 Fern St., Brockton
 288 Middle St., East Weymouth

Junior III

FERNANDES, EMILY DOROTHEA,
 FITCHER, MARGARET,
 FITZGIBBONS, MARY ALICE,
 FOLEY, IRENE REGINA,
 FRENCH, MARION,
 GALLIGAN, LOUISE MARGARET,
 GALVIN, HELEN FRANCES,
 GOERES, MYRTLE FRANCES,

292 Orchard St., New Bedford
 866 Locust St., Fall River
 477 Middleboro Ave., Taunton
 101 Whipple St., Fall River
 2 Elm St., Salisbury
 123 Washington St., Taunton
 237 Front St., Weymouth
 4 Chandler St., Holbrook

GRIFFIN, MARY CLOTILDA,
 HALL, CHARLOTTE LOUISA,
 HALL, MARION L.,
 HARRINGTON, MAE LOUISE,
 HART, ANNA S.,
 HEALD, MARGARET BRADBURY,
 HOLDEMAN, ROSALIE,
 KELLY, FLOENCE ELIZABETH,
 KILEY, GERTRUDE LOUISE,
 KIRBY, DORIS M.,
 KRAMER, FANNIE S.,
 LEARY, HELEN FRANCES,
 LELAND, FLORENCE MAE,
 LOVELL, VIOLET EVELYN,
 McCAFFREY, ROSE MARGARET,
 MCGILLICUDDY, FLORENCE JOSEPHINE,
 MORRISON, MARION CECELIA
 MORTON, ALICE,
 ROUNDS, DORIS EVANGELINE,
 SHANKLE, LOUISE CORA,

266 East Main St., Fall River
 Mendon Road, West Upton
 Lothrop Ave., Harwich
 192 Haffords St., Fall River
 198 County St., Taunton
 475 Washington St., Dedham
 Springfield
 41 Stow St., Whitman
 1010 Middle St., Fall River
 81 School St., Braintree
 1238 Pleasant St., Fall River
 292 Seabury St., Fall River
 30 Bay View Ave., Plymouth
 Great Hill, Marion
 70 Barnum St., Taunton
 28 Atherton St., Quincy
 52 Lazel St., Whitman
 42 Bennington St., Quincy
 49 West St., Attleboro
 Whittaker Ave., Haverhill

Junior IV

CONROY, CATHERINE M.,
 DYKE, MARY E.,
 KNOWLES, MYRA,
 MacDONALD, EVELYN,
 MORRILL, ELEANOR M.,
 NICKERSON, VIRGINIA,
 O'MEARA, DOROTHY M.,
 ROGERS, ANNA C.,
 ROGERS, CLARA L.,
 ROSE, MARY E.,
 ROUST, VERDIA,
 SANTOS, CLARA J.,
 SAVARY, BLANCHE,
 SCOTT, ISABEL A.,
 SHEA, HELEN D.,
 SIMPSON, MARGUERITE J.,
 SULLIVAN, KATHERINE M.,
 SWEENEY, LOUISA,
 TARRANT, LOUISE,
 TATTERSALL, DOROTHY,
 TEACHMAN, DORIS R.,
 TOLAN, ELIZABETH C.,
 TRAINOR, ELIZABETH,
 TWISS, EVELYN,
 WADDEN, DOROTHY,

Box 533, Vineyard Haven
 18 Fessenden St., Mattapan
 12 Parker St., New Bedford
 50 Bromfield Road, West Somerville
 Bridgewater
 Eastham
 10 Atlantic St., Atlantic
 Vineyard Haven
 Vineyard Haven
 42 Highland St., Taunton
 Intervale St., Quincy
 70 Lindsay St., New Bedford
 144 Main St., Wareham
 4 Garfield St., Franklin
 64 Dean Ave., Franklin
 Summer St., Edgartown
 496 Third St., Fall River
 986 South Main St., Fall River
 36 Manthorn Road, West Roxbury
 29 Buttonwood St., New Bedford
 144 Purchase St., New Bedford
 770 Walnut St., Fall River
 336 Bank St., Fall River
 Lleysac Lodge, Bedford
 325 Harvard St., Cambridge

Class Roll, K. H. 3

ARCHIBALD, E. MURIEL,	315 Mt. Vernon St., Dedham
BAKER, ESTHER M.,	Marshfield
DAME, MARJORIE M.,	78 Botolph St., Atlantic
FAHEY, MARION E.,	409 Middle St., Fall River
FALK, AUDREY,	North Easton
MACKIE, DORIS M.,	409 Spring St., Brockton
McLAUGHLIN, SARA B.,	17 Pearl St., Bridgewater
STEARNS, MIRIAM H.,	Bridgewater

The "Gym" Class

(Tune, "In a Kingdom of Our Own")

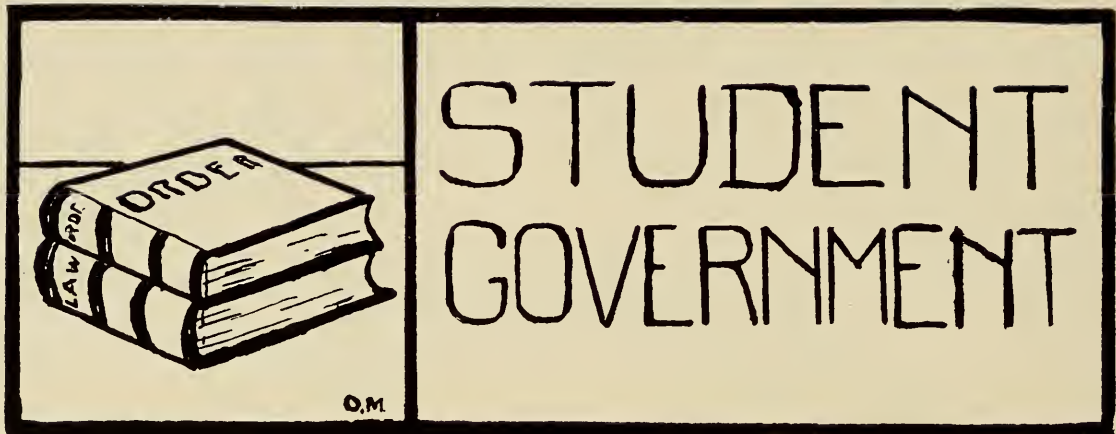
In the "gym" class twice a week
 Of helpful things they often speak;
 On the floor or bar stalls where you be
 Wonders of health are revealed to thee.
 Next year when you teach school,
 Don't forget gymnastic rule!
 You'll have a schoolroom of great
 wealth,
 In that the children have good health;
 And they'll work with all their vim,—
 Because the Seniors of B. N. S.
 Did not forget their "gym"!

Seniors

(Tune, "I Might Be Your Once-in-
 awhile")

You might teach a school for awhile,
 Because you may think its the style,
 But you won't do this for all your life,
 we bet;
 Perhaps now your plans are all made
 For next year in June time
 When a teacher's wedding bells will
 chime.





President,
Vice-President,
Secretary and Treasurer,

IDA L. GATTRELL
BEATRICE MARBLE
LOUISE BACHELDER

The Student Government Association seeks to regulate all matters pertaining to the student life of its members which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the Faculty; to further in every way the spirit of unity among the women students of the school; to increase their sense of responsibility toward each other; and to be a medium by which the social standards of the school can be made and kept high. The work of the Association is divided into three lines of activity; namely, the Executive Council, the Social Activities Committee, and the Young People's Union.

The Executive Council consists of the three officers of the Association, together with the House President, the Vice-House President, and the Head Proctors from each of the three dormitories, two representatives from Woodward, and one each from Tillinghast and Normal Halls and the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Train Students' Committee, of which the President of the Association is the chairman. The Dean and a member of the Faculty act in an advisory capacity to the Council.

This year a new plan has proved itself very efficient. It provides for the separate organization of each of the three houses. Each house elects its President, Vice-President, and Head Proctors. In order to strengthen the connection between the student body and the Executive Council it was decided that all students should have a definite opportunity to make suggestions regarding rules and privi-

leges. This is accomplished by holding House meetings once a month in each dormitory, at which the House President presides and which all students of that dormitory attend.

The Executive Council holds its meetings every other Monday evening for the purpose of bringing before its members matters of conduct which affect the standards and ideals of the student body, and any complaints or suggestions brought up by the House Presidents or others. Proctors are appointed every four weeks.



Executive Council

Woodward Hall

President, Flora Douglas; Vice-President, Grace Fletcher; Vice-President, Edna Yates; Lucy Hinsdale, Rhoda Ivers, Jane Broderick, Florence Gottholm, Elizabeth Lynch.

Tillinghast Hall

President, Gladys Axtel; Vice-President, Miriam Davee; Vice-President, Helen Shea; Dolores Murphy, Myra Knowles, Florence McGillicuddy.

Normal Hall

President, Adelaide H. Huard; Vice-President, Gertrude Cunningham; Vice-President, Annie Terry; Gladys Brothers, Beatrice Warren. Advisers—Miss Pope, Miss Lockwood.

The Train Student Government Committee

Chairman,
Secretary,

KATHERINE HAYES
KATHERINE H. RYAN

This committee is one of the branches of the Student Government Association and was organized to work for the best interests of the students who commute each day instead of living in the dormitories. It aims to develop among this group of students a strong



loyalty and sense of responsibility towards the standards and traditions of the school.

In September, a meeting was held in the Assembly Hall to re-organize this committee for its third year of work. All students not living in the dormitories were asked to be present and the group was divided into sections, the division being made on the basis of the town or city in which the various ones lived. Two representatives were then chosen from each group to become members of the committee.

Weekly meetings have been held on Tuesdays during the lunch hour with Miss Pope, the Dean. At these meetings, suggestions for the improvement of certain conditions have been made and discussed, reports on various lines of activity have been made, and business relating to school affairs have been carried on.

This year the students have endeavored to improve the appearance and comfort of the recreation room that was furnished last year. The table lamps have been connected and the windows along the corridor made into transoms.

Magazines have been bought from a fund contributed by the girls and these have provided pleasure and recreation for many during spare moments. Plants have helped to make the room more attractive.

One innovation has been the securing of milk for those who desire it for luncheon in addition to the hot cocoa served at this time.

This committee wishes its successors the greatest success in their efforts to serve well the school and the students whom they represent.

KATHERINE H. RYAN,

Secretary.

Members of the Committee

Ruth Abbiatti
Hilda G. Bolster
Margaret E. Buckley
Dorothy M. Carney
Edna G. Carr
Dorothy B. Connor
Catherine M. Coyne
Florence G. Cronin

Rose E. Flynn
Grace D. Keenan
Florence E. Kelly
Frances M. Lanman
Helen G. Lyons
Alice Morton
Mary E. O'Connell
Lucy U. O'Hara

The Social Activities Committee

Chairman,
Vice-Chairman,
Secretary,

ALICE M. GRODEN
MILDRED M. MAHONEY
LOUISE L. IVERS

The Social Activities Committee has had a very successful year. The girls of this committee, together with the student body, have worked diligently and faithfully to make the social life of the school the best possible. They have endeavored to bring the school together



at social functions and to further the best interests of the school in this respect.

The first social event of the year organized by this committee was a "Jizenkwai," given on October 14th, 1921. This was a Japanese Social and the tickets, decorations, and entertainment gave a truly Japanese atmosphere to the affair.

This social event was the first of a succession of good times, which were given by the various classes and held on convenient Fri-

day evenings during the year. There was a good variety of ideas and everyone enjoyed these good times immensely. A Chocolat Dansant was given in the Gymnasium, which was appealing in its originality. The reception given to Mrs. Boyden was very successful and it was a merry group of girls that assembled to receive her in Normal Hall Reception Room. The different dormitories each held an Afternoon Tea and the girls of each dormitory received guests in their rooms. A tea was also given to Miss Pope, the Dean, in Normal Hall Reception Room.

Each social function was announced before hand in chapel. These announcements were very humorous and interesting and served as good advertisements for the events.

All in all, the committee has been much gratified with the willing co-operation of the members of the student body and extends its best wishes to next year's members.

LOUISE L. IVERS,
Secretary.

Members

Sarah Isherwood, Amanda Guptill, Hazel Duffy, Florence Andrews, Elizabeth Savage, Lillian Collins, Alice Dickinson, Dorothy Perkins, Beatrice Mosgrove, Doris Marshall, and Gertrude Karl.

Normal Hall

(Tune, "My Man")

Normal Hall, I love it so;
It seems to me
All my life I'd like to stay right here
and be
A "Normalite" and watch the world
go by, for I don't care.
But "you bet your life" I won't stay
here always;
In the world I'll make a name and fame
some day,
For I've lived—now listen all,—
I have lived in Normal Hall! !



President,

Vice-President,

Secretary,

Music Committee,

Religious Committee,

Teacher Advisor,

OLIVE MINOT

KATHERINE DANIELS

AMANDA GUPTILL

EDNA YATES, JENNIE BOUTWELL

ALICE STORY, ELIZABETH SAMPSON, GRACE FLETCHER

MISS MOFFITT

Y. P. U. has had a very successful, as well as an interesting year. Interesting programs were in store from the first. Many speakers entertained us at the Sunday evening meetings, including Mr. Dus-sault, Chaplain from the House of Representatives. Charles E. White, assistant secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, spoke on the "Open Door of China."

The Association wishes to thank all members of the faculty and the student body for their hearty support of Y. P. U. activities this year.

AMANDA GUPTILL,

Secretary.



Director,
Accompanist,
President,
Vice-President,
Secretary-Treasurer,

MISS FRIEDA RAND
MISS ETHEL BOYDEN
ADELAIDE H. HUARD
HELEN NORTHRUP
ALICE VADEBONCOEUR

With a membership of eighty-eight, our Glee Club has spent a pleasant as well as valuable year.

At Christmas time carols were sung by the Glee Club. On April twenty-first, our annual concert was held. We were very fortunate in having for our soloist, Mr. Carl Webster, 'cellist from Boston. The Glee Club will assist at Commencement and Baccalaureate.

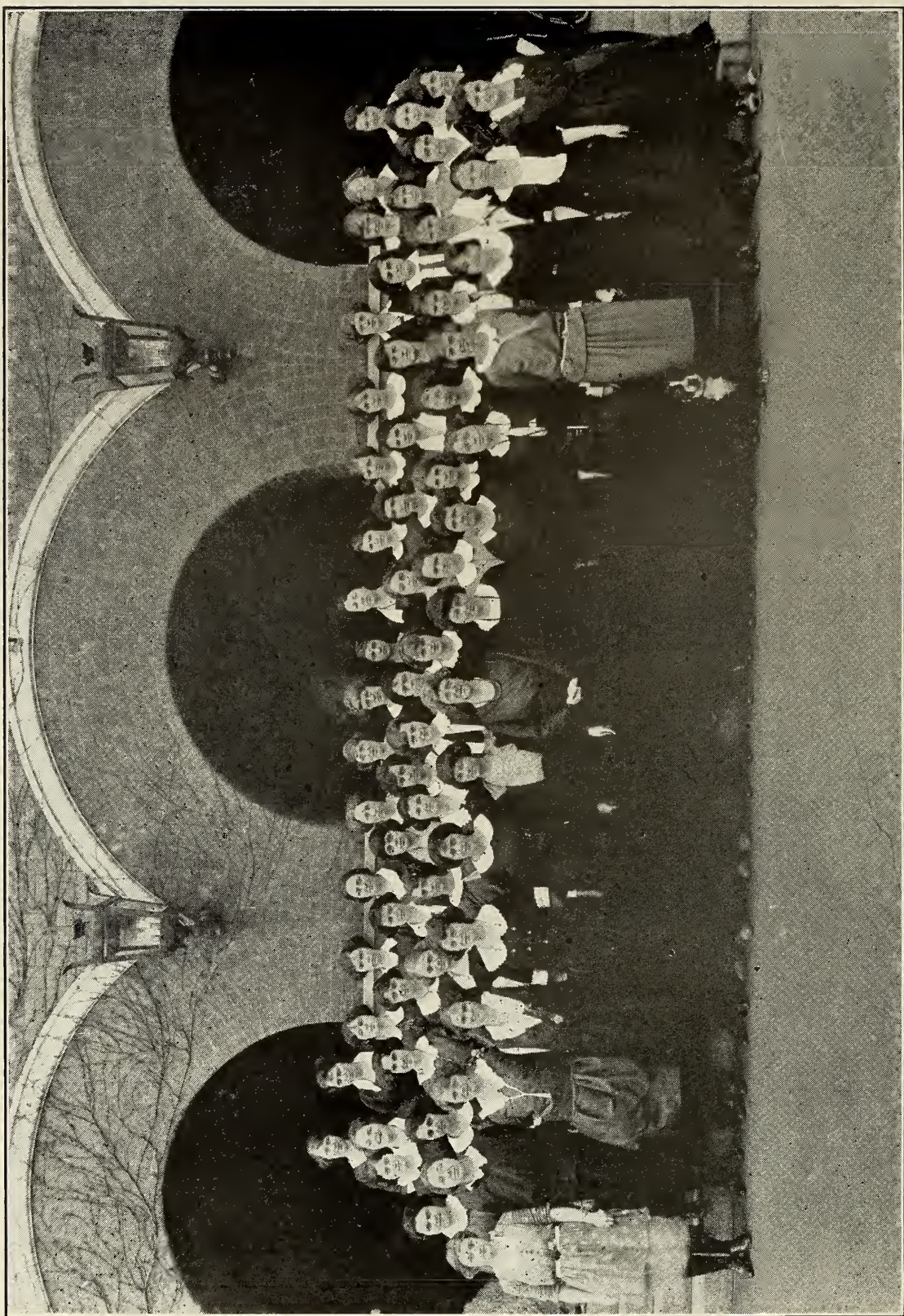
ALICE B. VADEBONCOEUR,
Secretary.

Senior Members

Jane Broderick
Eleanor Buckley
Edna Butterworth
Mary Callahan
Katherine Daniels
Miriam Davee
Eleise Doran
Mary Dwyer
Ellen Fitzpatrick
Grace Galvin
Alice Groden

Amanda Guptill
Catherine Hickey
Adelaide Huard
Ethel Huntress
Genevieve Kane
Helen Kenney
Hazel Kenworthy
Florence MacNamara
Muriel McDonald
Gladys McIsaac
Beatrice Marble

Dorothy Mason
Helen Northrup
Mary Phillips
Cecelie Pierce
Helen Pray
Helen Regan
Evelyn Riley
Helen Ryan
Beatrice Sherman
Helen Taylor
Alice Vadeboncoeur



Mid-Juniors

Harriette Annis
Mary Arringdale
Martha Baldwin

Dorothy Boardman
Jenny Boutwell
Anna Brady
Lora Tuckwell

Enid Buzzell
Ruth Hunt
Beatrice Mosgrove

Junior Members

Hazel Allen
Muriel Archibald
Mary Bacon
Louise Balboni
Mary Benson
Grace Cappabianca
Lillian Collins
Miriam Crocker
Marcella Crowley
Eileen Doherty
Marion Fahey
Jessie Ferguson

Irene Foley
Marion French
Florence Gottholm
Margaret Heald
Lillian Holland
Marion Isham
Rhoda Ivers
Gertrude Kiley
Fannie Kramer
Elizabeth Lynch
Alice McDonald
Rose McCaffrey

Elsie McPhee
Charlotte Murphy
Mabel Pierce
Lillian Shapiro
Mary Shields
Sartenig Siranossian
Miriam Stearns
Louisa Sweeney
Emily Salvaria
Louise Tarrant
Elizabeth Tolan
Evelyn Twiss

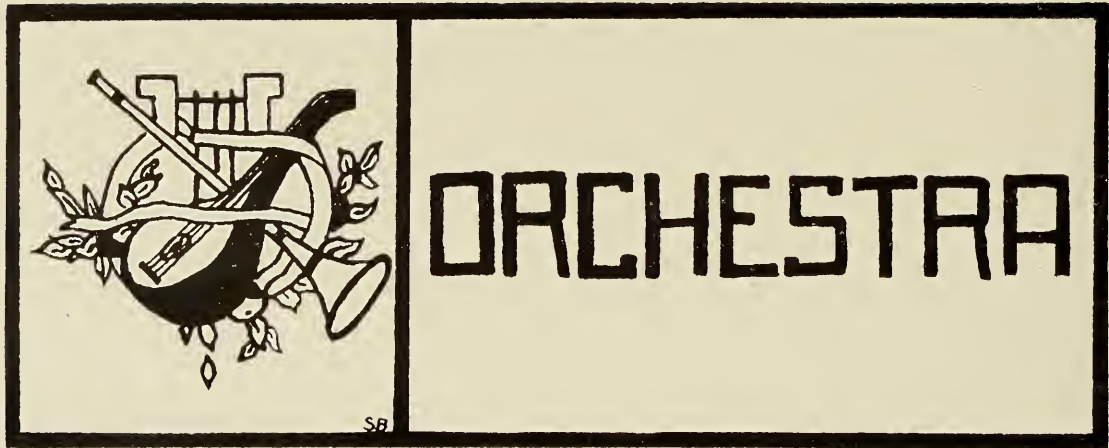
The Publicity Committee

By Margaret Tubman

The purpose of the committee is to give publicity to the various activities of the school, especially the social affairs. Notices of honors in scholarship are sent to the local papers.

The committee consists of a chairman and senior and junior members. The chairman calls meetings and has charge of the work; each senior member is responsible for writing accounts of events that happen on a given day; the junior members copy the items written and send them to the papers of nearby towns and cities.

Miss Peirce, the composition instructor, supervises the work of the committee and accepts items before they are copied. A new committee is chosen each term. Those who have acted as chairman during the past year are: Alice Groden, Margaret Tubman, and Adelaide H. Huard.



Faculty Adviser,
Leader,
Secretary,
Librarian,

FREIDA RAND
EDNA E. BUTTERWORTH
ELEISE B. DORAN
GENEVIEVE KANE

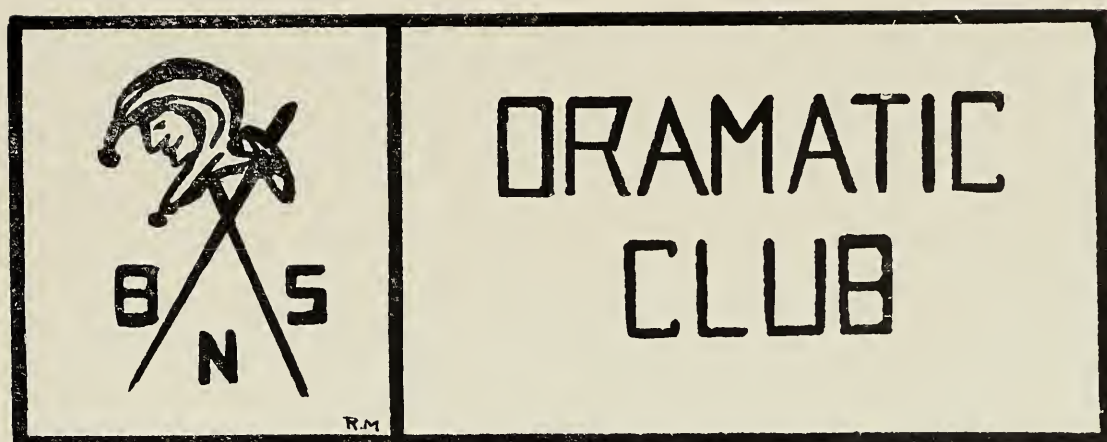
The Orchestra has had a very successful year. Everyone has enjoyed the music by the Orchestra in the Chapel, and at many social activities including Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," presented by the Dramatic Club.

EDNA E. BUTTERWORTH.

Members

Dorothy M. Boynton
Edna Butterworth
Lillian Standish
Genevieve Kane
Lora Tuckwell
Dorothy Boardman

Alice McDonald
Gertrude Kiley
Elizabeth Savage
Louise Sweeney
Doris Mackje
Eleise Doran



Director,
President,
Vice-President,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Property Mistress,
Wardrobe Mistress,
Librarian,

ADELAIDE MOFFITT
HELEN JACKSON
CATHERINE FINN
FRANCES NASH
ROSE MARY McISAAC
EDNA YATES
OLIVE MINOT

The present members of the Dramatic Club are endeavoring to continue the good work accomplished by the club alumnae.

On December second, three one-act plays were presented: "Joint Owners in Spain"; "A Shakespearian Conference"; "The Children of the Pilgrims." The last of the three was a very effective pageant in the presentation of which the club was assisted by several members of the general student body. The appreciation of this pageant was shown by the citizens of Bridgewater in that its repetition was requested. Then, for the second time, "The Children of the Pilgrims" was presented on December sixteenth.

The second play of the year, "The Taming of the Shrew," was given successfully on April twenty-eighth, under the direction of the club supervisor, Miss Moffitt.

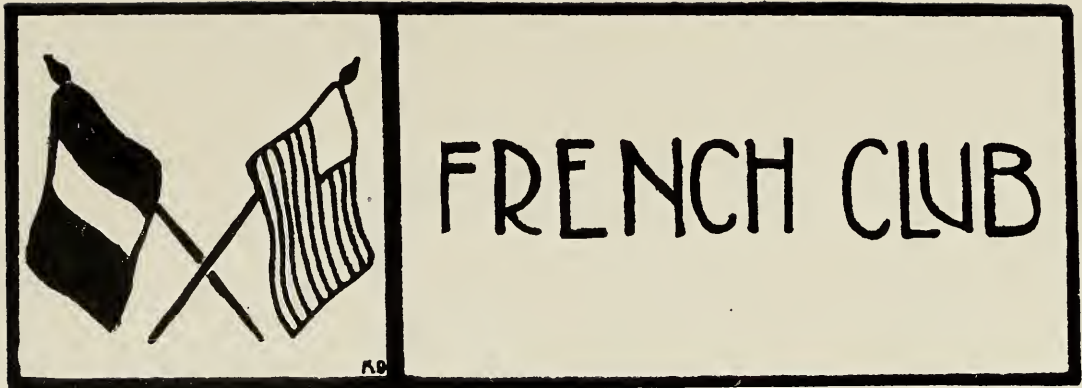
FRANCES M. NASH,
Secretary.



Members of the Dramatic Club

Helen Jackson
Rose Mary McIsaac
Edna Yates
Mary Sartori
Katherine Smith
Flora Douglas
Ethel Sloat
Frances M. Nash

Dora Beaton
Dorothy Perkins
Olive Minot
Catherine Finn
S. Louise Dickinson
Mildred Mahoney
Gertrude Karl
Elizabeth Shaw



La Directrice,
La Présidente,
La Vice-Présidente,
La Secrétaire,
La Trésorière,
La Bibliothécaire,

MLLE. EDITH BRADFORD
HELEN MORRISON
SADIE QUALLINS
KATHERINE HAYES
RUTH GREEN
ETHEL HUNTRESS

En Septembre le Cercle Français fut réuni encore sous la direction de Mlle. Edith Bradford. Quinze anciens membres restèrent dans le cercle et quinze nouveaux membres y furent admis. Le nombre des membres est limité à trente et pour être membre du cercle, il faut passer avec succès un examen oral et un examen écrit. Il y a à présent trois jeunes filles qui sont sur la liste d'attente.

Le cercle se réunit tous les deux jeudis à sept heures et chaque membre doit parler français et rien que français. A ces réunions on chante des chansons; on discute les affaires du cercle; on présente de temps en temps de petites pièces de théâtre; on joue aux jeux.

Chaque "Thanksgiving" le cercle prépare un panier de comestibles et le donne à quelqu'un qui est malade.

Cette année-ci on a célébré le tricentenaire de La Fontaine et celui de Molière. La célébration de la fête de Mardi Gras était bien élaborée et intéressant. A cette réunion-là tous les étudiants, de l'Ecole furent des invités. Chaque Club de l'Ecole représenta ses idées au moyen d'une voiture ornée ou d'un monôme comme à la fête de la Nouvelle Orléans. M. et Mme. Boyden jouèrent les rôles de roi et de reine. Les membres du Cercle Français présentèrent des tableaux historiques et on vendit de la pâtisserie et de la confiserie française.

Le but du Cercle Français est de s'instruire en s'amusant.

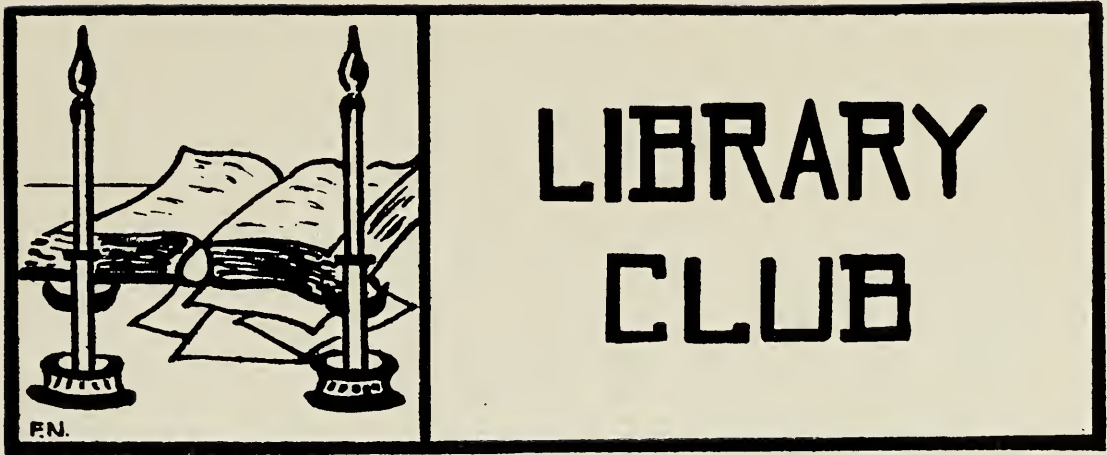
KATHERINE HAYES, Secrétaire.



Les Membres

Louise Bachelder
 Gertrude Cunningham
 Helen Driscoll
 Mabel Flood
 Florence McNamara
 Mary Reece
 Mary Desmond
 Alice Dickinson
 Mary Fallon
 Madeline Flynn
 Jeannette Fournier
 Diane Gauthier

Mary Gida
 Marjorie Griffith
 Mary Harrington
 Gladys Newell
 Dorothy Shepard
 Sartenig Siranossian
 Louise Sweeney
 Alice Vadeboncoeur
 Marion Hunt
 Alice Wood
 Claire Fitzgerald
 Violet Lovell



President,
Treasurer,
Corresponding Secretary,
Recording Secretary,

ALICE STORY
KATHERINE DANIELS
HELEN PRAY
ELLA DES LANDES

Advisory Committee—Miss Ethel Knapp, Miss Cora Newton, Miss Anna Roth.

The Library Club was formed in order to encourage and develop the habit of reading good literature. It started with eight members and now has a membership of over fifty.

Having become such a large club it was thought advisable to divide the club into groups: a Civics group, a Drama and Poetry group, and a Fiction group. Each group holds its meetings every two weeks under the direction of a chairman. Once in two months the three groups hold a joint meeting when the business of the club is discussed and a joint program given with, perhaps, a good speaker.

For a social function, the play, "Through the Looking Glass," was given in our Gymnasium for the benefit of the whole school.

Each group by itself has done considerable work. The Civics group has discussed current events, has had debates on problems of worldly interest, and has studied the governments and educational systems of all important countries. The Fiction group has given reports on several books and a reading has been given at each meeting. The Drama and Poetry group has discussed several authors' works and also the lives of these men.

The club has enjoyed its work and has profited greatly by it. We feel that our aim has been fulfilled.

ELLA DES LANDES,

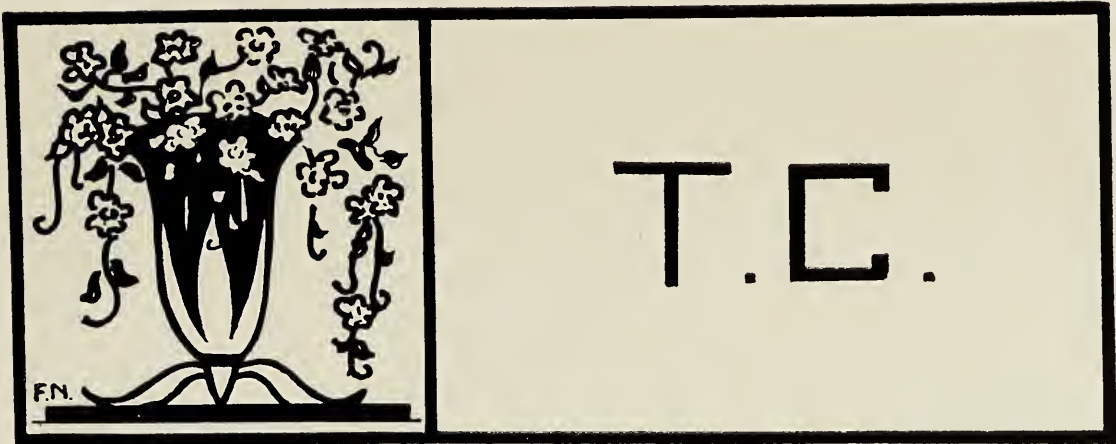


Library Club Members

Gladys Axtell
 Louise Bachelder
 Marion Barlow
 Dorothy Boardman
 Eleanor Booth
 Jenny Boutwell
 Anna Brady
 Gladys Brothers
 Edna Butterworth
 Gertrude Cronk
 Pearl Currier
 Ella Des Landes
 Katherine Daniels
 Eléise Doran
 Lillian Dunn
 Mary Dwyer
 Elizabeth Farr
 Catherine Fleming

Ellen Fitzpatrick
 Grace Galvin
 Angela Hayes
 Isabella Haynes
 Catherine Horan
 Lucy Hinsdale
 Louise Hosp
 Ruth Hunt
 Louise Ivers
 Rhoda Ivers
 Alberta Jongleaux
 Mary Kinniery
 Mary Leary
 Dorothy Mason
 Muriel McDonald
 Vera Medeiros
 Beatrice Mosgrove
 Dorothy Norris

Elsie McPhee
 Helen Pray
 Mary Phillips
 Anna Quinn
 Elsie Reddy
 Helen Regan
 Ruth Rigley
 Evelyn Riley
 Eleanor Ripley
 Mary Roza
 Flora Roderick
 Mildred Shaw
 Mary Sartori
 Alice Story
 Helen Taylor
 Estelle White
 Lucille Dix



Faculty Adviser,
Honorary Member,
President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

MR. L. C. STEARNS
MISS PEARL McCOY
LUCY HINSDALE
EDITH GILLIATT
MARY BENSON

This club with the mysterious name has been far from idle in its activities this year.

Besides having held at the Greenhouse its regular meetings at which much interesting and helpful work was accomplished, the members have enjoyed several hikes, bacon bats, etc, and have taken an active part in the Socials. None of us will forget the fun we had preparing for the Mardi Gras and how we were the proud winners of the prize for having the best float.

The Club feels that it has passed a very enjoyable and profitable year.

EDITH GILLIATT,
Secretary.



T. C. Members 1921-1922

Mary Benson
 Gertrude Cronk
 Grace Fletcher
 Edith Gilliatt
 Edith Harding
 Lucy Hinsdale
 Rhoda Ivers
 Beatrice Marble
 Olive Minot
 Catherine Morrissey

Helen Northrup
 Helen Pray
 Evelyn Norton
 Helen Regan
 Marietta Russell
 Evelyn Riley
 Mildred Holloway
 Helen Holloway
 Laurretta Taylor



Councilor,
Captain,
Lieutenants,

S. ELIZABETH POPE
ELIZABETH SHAW

Treasurer,
Scribe,

LILLIAN SHAPIRO
ELIZABETH SAMPSON
MIRIAM STEARNS
MINETTA DECOSTER
BEATRICE M. MARBLE

The second year of Scouting at Bridgewater Normal School has proved a great success. The meetings were held every Thursday night in the Gymnasium. These have begun with the regular opening exercises, which were followed by drilling under the competent leadership of Captain Shaw.

In the fall, the Scouts accompanied by Miss Pope, Miss McCoy, Miss Roth, and Miss Nye enjoyed a hike to the sand pit. Here fire building was practiced, and steak and onions, marshmallows, and coffee were cooked. Then the fires were replenished and everybody had a jolly time playing games, singing songs, and listening to stories. The trip home was made by moonlight, which proved most thrilling.

On Columbus Day, the Amercian Legion held a Field Day on South Field. The Scouts participated in the parade and were most ably assisted by the West Bridgewater Girl Scout Bugle and Drum Corps. The Normal troop had a booth on the field at which they sold candy and cookies for the Legion's benefit, and substantial proceeds were realized.

On Armistice Day, many Scouts assisted in ushering for the special exercises in Assembly Hall.

With the town troop, the Scouts held a dance in the Gymnasium early in December. Mrs. Boyden and members of the Girl Scout Council were the patronesses. A Brockton orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing. As it was a "Man Dance," it was voted a great success by both the participants and the Scouts.



At Christmas time, the Scouts went to the homes of Miss Curtis and Mrs. Lord, two "shut-ins," and sang carols to them. They presented them with fruit and candy, also.

A very festive evening was spent on January 12th, when twenty-six candidates were invested with the rank of Tenderfoot. These girls had worked hard to pass all requirements and to be qualified as "Good Girl Scouts." Another significant part of the program was the presenting of a Thanks Badge to Miss Pope. This was done by the girls in appreciation of the untiring work of their councilor.

After the New Year, the Scouts started some stiff drilling on a

Bugle, Fife, and Drum Corps. They are greatly indebted to Messrs. Sample, Flynn, and Marshall who so ably drilled them.

Another very important bit of work was done when the "meet" was held in the Gymnasium. Scout Troops from out-lying towns were invited and competitive teams worked for prizes. Some teams were: Knot tying, First Aid, Signalling, Bugling, and others.

Another "Man Dance" was held in April. Many attended, making it a most successful event.

However, the Scouts are not working simply for fun. Through participation in real Scout activities they are getting practice in presenting attractively the three following great Scout principles:

- (a) Healthy, active life in the open.
- (b) Household economics, child care, home nursing, and First Aid.
- (c) Practical patriotism and civic usefulness.

The float which the Scouts had at the Mardi Gras Carnival showed the possibilities in this work. The Merit Badges were represented by the different girls. Some of these were: Home Nurse, Hostess, Dancer, Cyclist, Horse Woman, Musician, Bugler, Drummer, Scribe. There were many others.

And so Scouting goes! Every year of its existence this good cause is enlarged. Scouting in elementary and secondary schools is recognized as a great recreational activity. These Scouts at Normal with their opportunities will have a chance to carry forth to others the benefits they reap here.

BEATRICE M. MARBLE,
Scribe.

Normal Troop

Patrol I

Miriam Crocker, Patrol Leader
Ruth Sutherland, Corporal
Helen Atwood
Jessie Ferguson
Dorothy Fitts
Hazel Allen
Gladys Williams
Grace Fletcher

Patrol II

Marie Bartlett, Patrol Leader
Grace Galvin, Corporal
Edith Gilliatt
Mary Dyke
Lillian Collins
Minetta Decoster
Helen Northrup
Doris Cahoon

Patrol III

Helen Taylor, Patrol Leader
Marion Hall, Corporal
Beatrice Mosgrove
Mary Arringdale
Beatrice Marble
Doris Rounds
Lucille Hayden
Martha Baldwin

Patrol IV

Sarah Isherwood, Patrol Leader
Sadie Berman, Corporal
Rose Schifino
Aileen McMahon
Marion French
Alice White
Florence Gottholm
Marion Isham

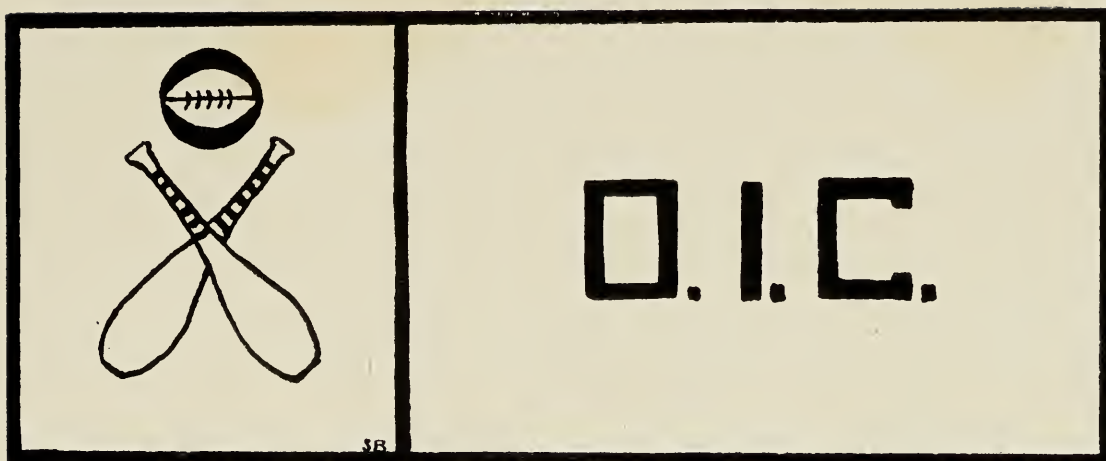
Patrol V

Elsie McPhee, Patrol Leader
Dorothy Boardman, Corporal
Dorothy Perkins
Esther Baker
Marietta Russell
Beatrice Barrett
Isabel Marshall
Mary Sartori

Patrol VI

Helen Pray, Patrol Leader
Dorothy Tattersall, Corporal
Myra Knowles
Sylvia Hall
Adeline Hoernlein
Margaret McHugh
Marion Gurney
Miss Pearl McCoy





President,
First Vice-President,
Second Vice-President,
Third Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

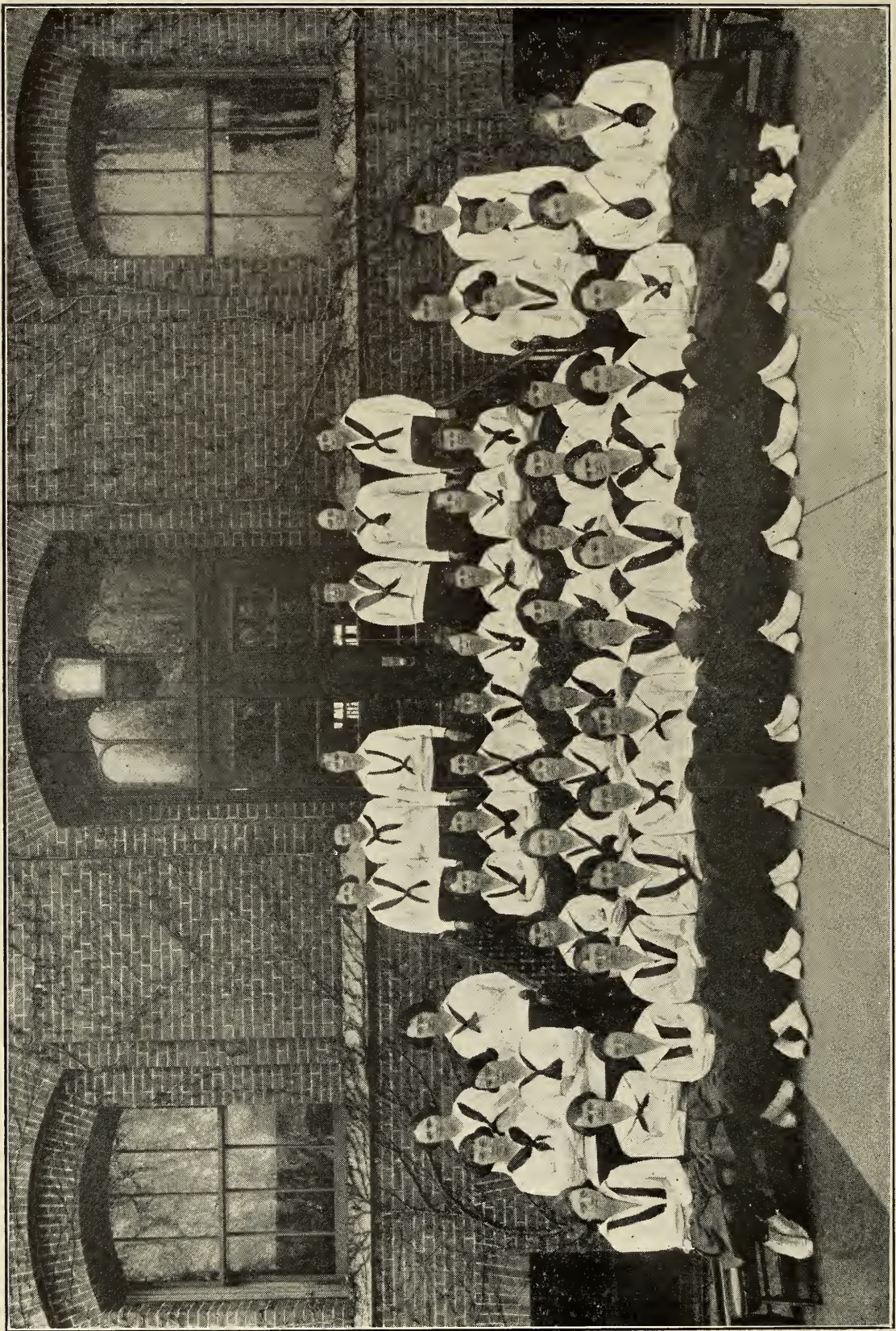
CATHERINE C. FINN
MARY BENSON
ANNA JONES
HELEN NORTHRUP
KATHERINE LYSAGHT
MADELINE SHAW

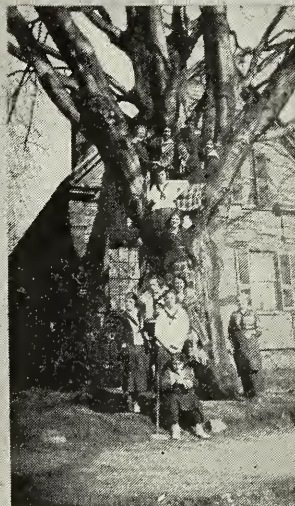
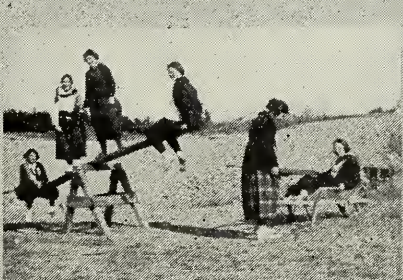
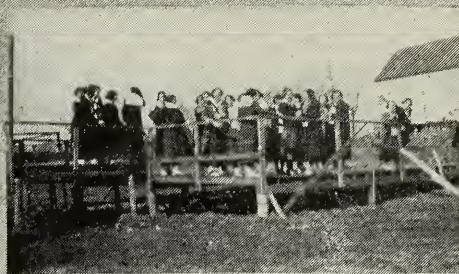
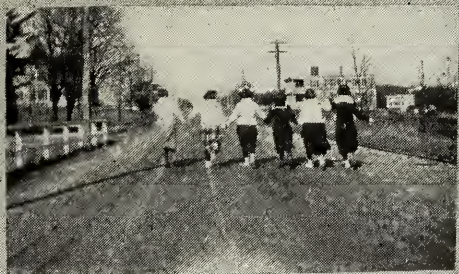
The Out and In Club is a social and athletic organization. Its principles are best voiced by its pledge.

"I pledge allegiance to my health and to the strength for which it stands; strength of body, mind, and spirit, the three in one for service to God, Country, and Humanity."

The club has been recently affiliated with the New England Division of the United States Field Hockey Association.

KATHERINE LYSAGHT,
Secretary.

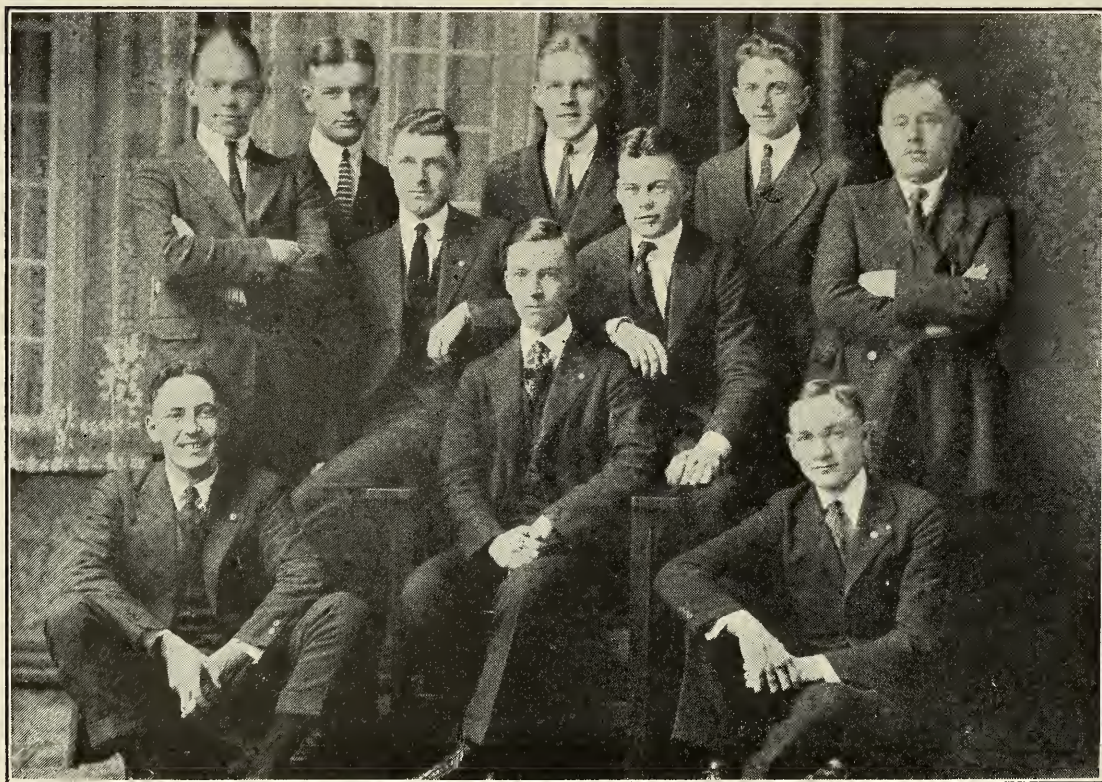






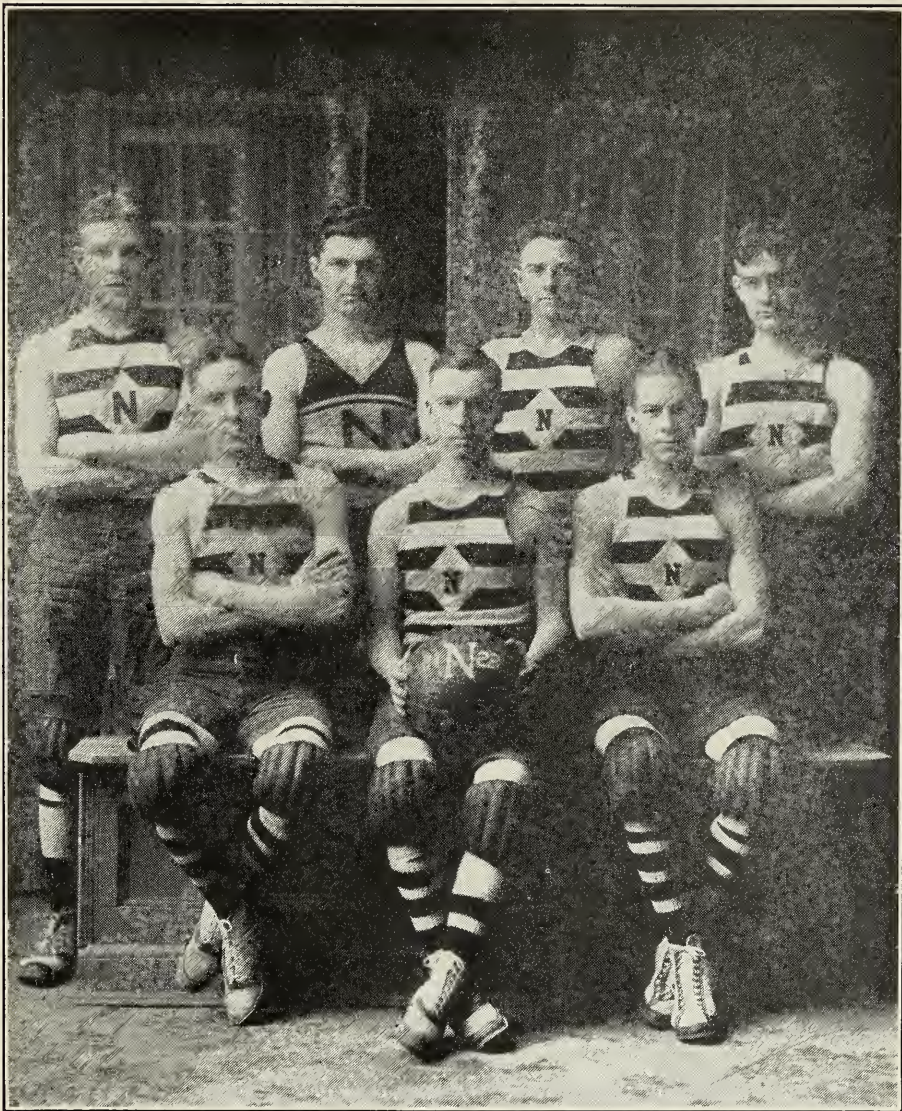
President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Permanent Treasurer,

W. KENNETH BURKE
MURRAY MACLAUHLAN
JAMES H. BUTLER
WM. D. JACKSON



Basketball

Although there were only two experienced men available, it was decided to put a basketball team on the floor. The season, which ended with a record of five victories and seven defeats, was success-



ful, considering the difficulties under which the team labored.

Morey and Captain Burke were high scorers. Doyle, at left forward, was in the game every minute and his aggressiveness was a big factor in every game. Balfe and Goodwin provided a strong de-

fense, while Holder and Butler were able substitutes. Normal scored 276 points against 283 points for its opponents.

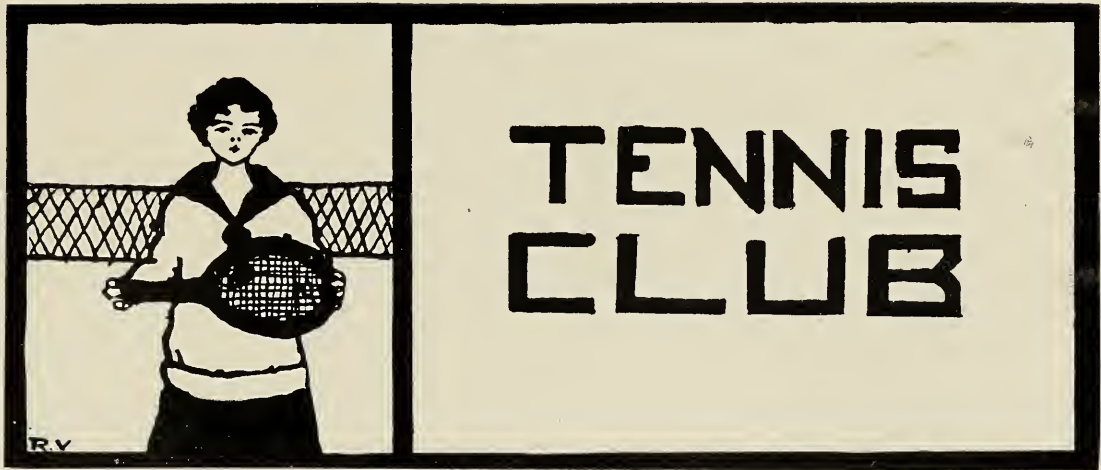
SCORES

Alumni	9	Normal	20
Cleo Five	19	Normal	16
Douglas	34	Normal	19
North Congregationalists	29	Normal	15
Satucket	10	Normal	29
Rochester A. A.	20	Normal	25
Colonials (Abington)	27	Normal	29
New Bedford Textile	30	Normal	21
Salem Normal	27	Normal	41
Stall and Dean	24	Normal	20
Rockland	26	Normal	22
East Bridgewater	27	Normal	19
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	283		276

JAMES H. BUTLER,
Secretary.

Wearers of "N"

Burke, Basketball, Captain.
Goodwin, Basketball, Manager.
Morey, Basketball.
Doyle, Basketball.
Balfe, Basketball.
Butler, Basketball.
Holder, Basketball.



President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

KATHRYN DANIELS
CATHERINE MORRISSEY
BEATRICE McPHEE
ELIZABETH SAMPSON

The Tennis Club has enjoyed a most successful season. Plans are being formulated to provide cement courts.

The spring term should bring forth a tournament and an enthusiastic time.

BEATRICE McPHEE,
Secretary.



Question Mark Club

Graduate Members

1914. Ruth E. Kimball, Edith S. Fish, Mildred (Dean) Wing, Marian (Fraser) Hartley, Laura G. Sherwood, Dorothy Brennan, Florence (Venn) Zimmerman.

1915. Helen R. Wiley, Esther F. Tuckwell, Sue A. Bishop, Dorothy Emerson.

1916. Margaret E. Thomas, Amy F. Dalby, Margaret M. Hunt, Ida M. Lawton, Edith Tompkins, Anna Anglin, Ruby (Churchill) Howland, Edna I. Barron.

1917. Lillian E. MacQuarri, Gladys M. Smith, Cicely V. Horner, Eleanor H. Thomas, Helen M. Parker, Marjorie Harrington, Hilda A. M. Culliford, Marjorie Stoye, Margaret Noyes, Mary Piquet.

1918. Alice A. McClatchey, Lena T. Walmsley, Millicent B. Cooke, Mae S. Johnston, Esther Close, Elizabeth C. Johnson, Gladys T. Whitney, Edyth Mylott.

1919. Verna L. Clark, Marjorie Q. Thompson, Mildred L. Quartz, Gladys Thomas, Alice Philbrick, Christine Geischeker, Barbara K. (Cushman) Chamberlain, Dorothy Bradford.

1920. Miriam Ford, Evelyn (Young) Clark, Priscilla Vadeboncoeur, Doris Hayes, Florence M. Stewart, Doris F. Peirce.

1921. Margaret Flavin, Eleanor Cummings, Myra Luce, Mildred M. Sullivan, Alice Keefe, Eileen Sullivan.

Undergraduate Members

1922. Helen Jackson, Ethel Huntress, Esther Ames, Katherine Gelotte, Genevieve Kane, Grace Kelley, Alice Vadeboncoeur, Mary Shields.

1923. Harriette E. Annis, Lora E. Tuckwell.



Kappa Delta Phi

(Organized April, 1900)

Honorary Members

Arthur Clarke Boyden, A. M., Principal; *Albert Gardner Boyden, A. M., Principal Emeritus; *Franz Heinrich Kirmayer, Ph. D.; William Dunham Jackson; Charles Peter Sinnott, B. S.; *Frank Ellis Gurney, Chester R. Stacey.

Graduate Members

Winfield S. Rich, '79; F. B. Speare, '85; M. E. Fitzgerald, '87; A. B. Palmer, '88; J. Carroll, '90; J. F. McGrath, '92; G. A. Keith, '93; A. P. Keith, '94; C. V. Nickerson, '95; F. W. Seabury, '96; *A. R. Winter, '97; *A. E. Churbuck, '98; P. V. Donovan, '99; H. E. Gardner, '99.

1900. H. A. Fitton, A. K. Gould, W. R. Kramer, A. K. Lane, L. E. Maglathlin.

1901. C. Benson, F. L. Curan, J. A. Cushman, Charles Early, H. Gammons, *E. L. Sinnott, M. A. Smith.

1902. J. H. Armstrong, *S. W. Cushing, L. D. Cook, C. F. Hopkins, H. A. Howes, N. Leonard, R. A. Powers, C. P. Savery, W. E. Smith, *W. F. C. Edwards.

1903. M. D. Carroll, A. M. Eldridge, J. W. Northcott, R. E. Pellissier, W. G. Vinal, A. F. Wilson.

1904. J. E. Gould, J. H. Graham, A. B. Handy, W. Hapgood, J. M. McDonnell, C. F. Miller, C. W. Walter.

1905. *C. F. Aherne, H. H. Benedict, A. T. French, E. T. N. Sadler.

1906. M. A. Hooley, J. E. Keefe, Jr., F. J. O'Brien, *F. J. O'Donnell.

1907. E. A. Boyden, G. W. Flanders, F. A. Gundon, L. A. McDonald, L. W. Newell, J. L. Palmer, C. W. Waldron.

1908. G. W. Gammon, D. V. O'Flaherty, A. L. Studley, C. A. A. Webber.

1909. E. W. Ames, *A. H. Chamichian, C. F. Frahar, L. C. Infante, T. A. Pickett, H. L. Prario, C. A. Wheeler.

1910. W. F. Bentley, W. H. Chapman, C. J. Fox, R. L. Harlow, L. K. Houghton, M. Parker, W. A. Spooner, B. S. Tubman.

1911. G. Gomez, E. A. Lincoln, T. L. Mea, J. L. Early, J. M. McAvoy, A. Torres.

1912. H. C. Darling, V. F. Dunn, G. E. Hayes, L. M. Lane, G. L. McKinnon, H. Wilbur.

1913. *H. R. Blake, *J. A. Condon, J. J. O'Brien, A. C. Jones, B. E. Swift, J. A. Murphy, O. C. Newhall.

1914. W. J. McCarthy, W. J. McCreery, J. J. Lane, H. D. Hunt, J. E. Cushing, B. J. McDonnell, E. A. Churchill.

1915. C. F. Dunn, H. L. Kendall, D. G. Wheeler.

1916. E. A. Wright, B. F. Casey, W. H. Andrews, J. R. Burgess, A. G. Gulumian, Paul Cloues, K. H. Arselanian, F. M. Rau.

1917. W. F. Mahoney, A. R. Mack, W. C. Sutherland, *R. W. Ransden, W. M. Burke, W. G. Chituni, L. W. Crocker, E. Berman, J. J. Sheehan, W. R. Sargent.

1918. Carlon W. Ray, C. Alfred Dubois, Thomas J. B. McDonough, Richmond S. Barton, John M. McIlwraith, Maurice G. Murphy.

1919. Joseph E. Murphy, Harold J. Cleary, Leo P. Casey, Glen. W. MacLeod.

1920. Harry R. Neville, W. Kenneth Burke.

1921. Edward Pickett, Herbert C. Clish, J. Edwin Stevens.

Undergraduates

1922. ‡Leverett T. Holder.

1923. Henry R. Goodwin, Murray G. Maclauchlan.

*Deceased members.

‡Beta Chapter.





Lambda Phi

(Organized January, 1903. Chartered February, 1908)

GRADUATE MEMBERS

1904. Mrs. Bertha (Bemis) Johnson, Mrs. Lillie (Downing) Vinal, Mrs. Margaret (Doyle) Flanders, Mrs. Agnes (Gillen) Martin, Mrs. Marion (Hawes) Lawson, Mrs. Stella (Jones) Merriam, Elizabeth Lane, Mrs. Zelma (Lucas) Eldridge, Alice V. Morrissey, Mrs. Mildred (Tavendar) Weir, Ethel I. Taylor, Mrs. Ivanetta (Warren) Smith, Mrs. Florence (Webster) Barnum.

1905. Harriett L. Abbot, Mrs. Adelaide (Benner) Knowlton, Louise C. Copeland, Anne M. Coveney, Mrs. Ione (Hersey) Sylvia, Mrs. Rowena (McClin-

tock) Wilson, Mrs Cora (Miner) Barry, Mrs. Marjorie (Mitchell) Angell, Mrs. Alice (Parker) Badger, Mrs. Estelle (Perry) Cooper, Mrs. Fannie (Robinson) Stephenson, Katherine A. Rogers, Rachel K. Warren, Mrs Josephine (Willett) Thorpe.

1906. Mrs. Mary (Anderson) Chase, Mrs. Ella (Bagot) Hibberd, Madge R. Fieney, Katrina M. Graveson, Elizabeth P. Hammond, Mrs. Harriett (Morrill) Bentley, Lucy J. Washburn, Mrs. Edna (Wickham) Thompson.

1907. Lillie B. Allen, Grace O. Anderson, Mrs. Lucy (Atwood) Dempsey, Mrs. Edna (Griffin) Smith, Mrs. Laura (MacDonald) Howard, Mrs. Glenn (Silsby) Noyes, Mrs. Beatrice (Webster) Morrill, Mrs. Mabel (Wilson) Bellis, Mrs. Caroline (Woods) O'Flaherty.

1908. Mrs. Helen (Ayer) Senior, Mrs. Helen (Bayley) Babcock, Caroline V. Cook, Mrs. Charlotte (Low) Gray, Mrs. Jessica (Philbrook) Gammons, Mrs. Edith (Smith) Warren.

1909. Mrs. H. Beatrice (Bartlett) Wassall, Marjorie E. Davies, *Margaret P. Earle, Mrs. Lottie (Glines) Jones, *Amy W. Locke, Mrs. Louie (Monk) Gillet, Ruth S. Symmes, Mrs. Maude (Tilden) Barrett.

1910. Mrs. Rachel (Arnold) Hefler, Helen N. Davies, Mrs. Isabelle (Gray) Hersey, Mrs. Ruth (Hewett) Bragdon, Helen J. Hunt, Mrs. Edna (Locke) Foster, Mrs. Marion (Simmons) Newall, Bessie E. Tilton.

1911. Ethel Derby, Lilla DeM. Downer, Marian Gordon, Mrs. Ruth (Gurdy) Bird, Mrs. Harriet (Hayford) Hunt, Mrs. Eleanor (Homer) Smith, Mrs. Nellie (Lanphear) Wilbar, Mrs. Eugenia (McColl) Moseley, Mrs. Rita (Page) Jones, Mrs. Louella (Reynolds) Carroll, Mrs. Helen (Snell) Stafford, Helen L. Thompson.

1912. Dorothy M. Ayer, Mrs. Emma (Bridgham) Calhane, Grace K. Faden, Isabel S. French, Mrs. Margaret (Gifford) Brooks, Marion B. Hunt, Rose L. Page, Mrs. Irene (Rolley) Swift, Mrs. Elizabeth (Sherwood) Burnett, Mrs. Bulah (Sturtevant) Hale, Mrs. Katherine (Webster) Eaton, Harriet F. Wormell.

1913. Mrs. Dorothea (Bates) Meryman, Mrs. Hilda (Graveson) Maenche, Mrs. Helen (Hewett) Keniston, Mrs. Helen (Howard) Curtis, Mrs. Genevieve (Hunter) Watkins, M. Alice Johnson, Rubena Lane, Mrs. Helen (Richards) Metzger, Lillian Dennett, Mrs. Catherine (Brown) Holmes.

1914. Paul'ne Kohbrausch, Mrs. Agnes (Paine) Hall, Mrs. Helen (Sullivan) Hayes, Mrs. Alice (Munster) Thompson, Mrs. Ruth (Thompson) Thulin, Mrs. Helen (Lane) Bates, Mrs. Ruth (Sampson) Manchester, Mrs. Marjorie (Luce) Cushing, Florence Smith, Mrs. Constance (Young) Lombard, Mrs. Mildred (Dunham) Perkins, Bernice Moore, Mildred L. Dunham.

1915. Marion Pratt, Esther C. Ayer, Mrs. Maude (Churbuck) Higgins, Pearl Calef, Gladys Crimmin, Hazel Forbes, Mildred Brownell, Helen Hunter, Ethel Douglas, Mrs. Helen (Fish) Kellett, Elizabeth True, Mrs. Roberta (Miller) Fay.

1916. Mrs. Mildred (Blood) Jordan, Florence Lewis, Anne Thompson, Mrs. Esther (Paine) Moorhouse, Helen Sampson, Mrs. Amelia (Gaffney) Clark, Margaret Reidy.

1917. Mrs. Mary (Fraser) Gordon, Jennie Gibb, Mrs. May (Drumm) Oglesby, Mrs. Margaret (Bell) Farnsworth, Mrs. Marjorie (Cummings) Webster, Mrs. Helen (Huntress) Thurlow, Cecelia Welsh.

1918. Ruth Banim, Mrs. Anna (Carlson) Reynolds, Alice Cole, Sarah

Matheson, Mary Cronin, Helen Kennett, Dorothy MacDonald, Mrs. Aliene (MacMahon) Wilson, Eleanor Underwood, Marion Woodbury.

1919. Mrs. Lois (Clapp) Turner, Emily Howard, Ruth Loring, Mrs. Emma (Moore) Snyder, Katherine Root, Mrs. Winifred (Smith) Provost, Helen Taylor, Mrs. Helen (Bailey) Cushing.

1920. Jessie Davidson, Esther Gibson, Saba Keith, Marion Peterson, Mrs. Helen (Phelps) Packard, Esther Sampson, Rose Smith, Lillian MacDonald, Marion Pollard, Evelyn Pitcher.

1921. Esther Ahlquist, Grace McCreery, Bernice McKeever, Clara Stetson, Clara Jackson, Gertrude Welsh, Svea Wester.

Undergraduates

1922. Florence MacNamara, Grace Fletcher, Doris M. Cahoon, Doris F. Marshall, Helen D. Regan, Sarah M. Isherwood.

1923. Florence K. Gottholm, Marion R. Gurney.

*Deceased members.





Alpha Gamma Phi

(Organized April, 1903. Chartered 1909)

Honorary Member

Ruth Woodhull Smith.

Graduate Members

1902. Ethel Boyden.

1903. Mrs. Ena (Saunders) Cummings, Mrs. Elizabeth (Kimball) Hamilton, E. Jennie Manning, Mrs. Amy (Lawrence) Marion.

1904. Mrs. Gertrude (Smith) Cande, Mrs. Annie (Cheves) Farson, Mrs. Polly (Preston) Judd, Mrs. Elizabeth (Clark) Kelley, Mrs. Mary (Kimball) Powell.

1905. Mrs. Beulah (Mitchell) Cook, Mrs. Bertha (Beaudry) Spencer, Laura B. Solmon.

1906. Nellie Barker, Eva Case, Mrs. Alice (Lane) Gregor, Mildred B. Hopper, Ethel M. Perkins, Mrs. Ethel (Simpson) Snow, Elizabeth Vanston.

1907. Beatrice Cervie, Mrs. Ethel (Rounds) Guptill, Agnes Hallett.

1908. Mrs. Beulah (Lester) Fletcher, Mrs. Annie (Brackett) Jordan, Mrs. Ida (Corwin) Kirkland, Mrs. Isabel (Joy) Riddell, Mrs. Lulu (Burbank) Thompson, Mrs. Margaret (Gove) Wells, Mrs. Inez (Copeland) Sherman.

1909. Mrs. Frances (Cady) Doughty, Mrs. Elvira (Lane) Cook, Vera A. Sickels, Sybil Williams, *Ruth Small.

1910. Mrs. Ida (Teague) Barman, Catherine Beatley, Mrs. Marion (Strange) Ford, Elizabeth Jackson, Mrs. Margaret (Goodwin) Loomis, Mrs. Gladys (Booth) Nies, Marguerite Sanger, Mrs. Elizabeth (Litchfield) Wetherell.

1911. Mrs. Jane (Seaver) Carroll, Edith Laycock, Olive McCullough, Mrs. Alliene (Wright) Robinson, Mrs. Annie (Mendell) Tripp.

1912. Mrs. Margaret (Rogers) Anderson, Helen Backus, Regina Branch, Mrs. Sarah (Cummings) Hamilton.

1913. Helen Annis, Ruth Brownell, Madeline Frizzell, Agnes Hallett, Mrs. Mildred (Brownell) Jenney, Esther Kemp, Mrs. Kate (Leiper) Turk, Doris Paine, Marion Shaw, Mrs. Amy (Lawrence) Marvin.

1914. Mrs. Aurilla (Luce) Shapleigh, *Pearl B. Southwick.

1915. Marjorie Bates, Elizabeth Furber, Mrs. Jane (Hazen) Robinson, Hester Heyman, Mrs. Adah (Jenson) Paine, Mrs. Rose (Jefferson) Sherman, Helen Strange, Mrs. Lillian (Tucker) Gordon, Madeline Westburg.

1916. Marion Billings, Rubie Capen, Mrs. Esther (Cutting) Olsen, Mrs. Grace (Moulton) Brown, Mrs. Ruth (Taylor) Taylor, Mrs. Ruth (Lincoln) Fales.

1917. *Mrs. Frances (Coleman) Snow, Elizabeth Collingwood, Marion (Farnham) Haskell, Clara Josselyn, Mrs. Alida (Lalanne) Potter, Mrs. Dora (Sutherland) Sargent.

1918. Mrs. Mildred (King) Beach, Mrs. Clara (Burtch) Hobbs, Florence Howland, Ethel Moncrief, Marie Russell.

1919. Caroline Bodell, Gertrude Braley, Mildred Britland, Ruth Ferguson, Lillian Fleet, Helen Gay, Beatrice Hill, Gladys McWilliam, Ruth Thyng, Esther Whipp.

1920. Mildred Bump, Mrs. Isabell (Lees) Schofield, Lois Litchfield, Edith Robbins, Marjorie White, Ruth Whitmore, Doris Wordell.

1921. Marion Gurney, Mabel MacPherson, Doris Keyes, Ruth Kibling, Carolyn Spooner, Doris Sutcliffe.

Undergraduates

1922. Lucille Dix, Edith Gilliatt, Beatrice Marble, Helen Northrup, Rose Quallins, Elizabeth Shaw.

1923. Mary Arringdale, Martha Baldwin, Elsie MacPhee.

1924. Enid Buzzell, S. Louise Dickinson, Ruth Hunt, Dorothy Boardman, Dorothy Perkins.



Tau Beta Gamma

(Organized October, 1904. Chartered 1911)

Graduate Members

1906. Elizabeth Flynn, Mary M. Greeley, Mrs. Marguerite (Mahoney) O'Donnell, Mrs. Mary (Manning) Perry, Annie L. O'Donnell, Sue G. Sheehan, Mrs. Mary (Stuart) Fall, Mary M. Walsh.

1907. Molly K. (Almond) Senecal, Johanna J. Connell, Abby Cox, Elizabeth V. Coyle, Della E. Galvin, Catherine Larkin, Mrs. Mary (Riley) Sweeney.

1908. Mary A. Coyle, Mrs. Theresa (Keating) Goudreau, Mary C. Kelley, *M. Louise Mahoney, *Helen A. Mello, Eileen A. Sweeney.

1909. Mary M. Dolan, Mrs. Frances (Haley) Costello, Elizabeth Keefe, Mrs. Florence (Heenehan) Donavon, Katherine E. Hogan, *Mrs. Sarah (Jackson) Sullivan, *Mrs. Martha (Mahoney) O'Brien, Mrs. Mary (MacDonald) Harrington, Louisa A. Power, M. Olive Smith.

1910. Mary G. Anderson, Helen B. Buguey, Mary Connors, Mildred G. Harrington, Mary M. Holland, Helena Reggett, Elizabeth G. Hart.

1911. Marguerite A. Connor, Ida M. Cronin, Sara L. Maloney, Gertrude F. Drislain, Matilda E. Ford.

1912. Eileen Arnold, Catherine E. Coyle, Anna C. Falvey, Gertrude E.

Delaney, Grace M. Hanrahan, Alida T. Hart, Grace F. Johnson, Madeline Kelley, Lillian M. Mann, Alice Martin, Cora E. McKillop, Mrs. Anna (McLaughlin) Garvin, Mary E. Murphy, Ruth M. Reidy, Madeline Sears.

1913. Annie M. Buckley, Florence H. Garrity, Emily E. Kendregan, Lora E. Lamb, Annie M. Dwyer, Claire V. Mahoney, Mary M. Power, Lillian Reilly, Margaret E. Foley, Helen T. Lydon.

1914. Mary F. Daly, Sara K. Grindley, Anna T. McCabe, Margaret M. McGrath, Esther F. Yates, Emily M. Ward, Mrs. Mary (Tighe) Coleman, Ellen F. Feeley, Mary M. O'Neil, Florence McKenna.

1915. Mrs. Mildred (Dunne) Shaw, Hazel Hannigan, Mary M. Fitzgibbon, Mae E. Hurley, Mrs. Loretta (Littlewood) Harper, Mae T. McCarthy, Frances C. McDermott, Marguerite C. Murphy, Frances M. O'Brien, Kathryn T. Power, Bride A. Shortall.

1916. Marie A. Brandon, Margaret McCabe, Marion Bigelow, Louise D. Casey, Madeline C. Dillon, Emma Finnegan, Marion E. Lynch, Mary McGuire, Hazel M. Murphy, Loretta O'Connell, Margaret O'Hearn, *Rena Prouty, Alice Reardon, Marion Rogan.

1917. Emma Barlow, Mary Fanning, Susan C. Flynn, Olive K. Horrigan, Julia B. McDonald, Mary V. McGrath, Mary F. O'Neil, Madeline I. Riley, Beatrice Ryan, Mary F. Toye, Edythe L. Twiss.

1918. Alice Brady, Florence Delaney, Elizabeth Howard, Gertrude Kelley, Agnes Lyons, Margaret O'Connor, Mildred O'Donnell, Grace O'Neil, Clara G. Sullivan, Grace Walker.

1919. Loretta Brandon, Margaret Clark, Helen Corrigan, Rose E. Dillon, Gertrude Haley, Helen McMugh, Mrs. Irene (MacDonnell) Davitt, Catherine Meagher, Marie Merrill, Flora Neves, Mary Toohey.

1920. Hortense Bergeron, Mary Connor, Katherine Conway, Margaret Gearan, Anne Kerrigan, Maybelle Keefe, Josephine I. McCarthy, Ruth McArdle, Catherine McKeon, Mrs. Florence (Noonan) Dennis, E. Adelaide Sullivan.

1921. Katherine Ahern, Mary C. Broughton, Mary Conway, Johanna R. Flaherty, Edith Hurley, Julia Neves, Catherine T. Perry, Mary Sweeney, Helen B. Toye.

Undergraduate Members

1922. Helen Driscoll, Catherine C. Finn, Julia A. Flaherty, Alice Groden, Adelaide H. Huard, Beatrice McPhee, Elizabeth Meagher, Catherine M. Morrissey, Helen E. Morrison.

1922. Kathryn Hickey, Helen Ryan, Anna White.



Omega Iota Phi

(Organized November, 1904. Chartered June, 1913)

Honorary Members

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1910. Mabel J. Andrews, Bernice A. Bachelder, Mrs. Jennie (Cook) Bent, Mrs. Sybil (Collins) Leonard, Mrs. Helen (Fisher) Ames, Mrs. Esther (Grovenor) Waugh, Mrs. Cora (McGovern) Eddy, Ethel M. McKeefe, Mrs. Emma (Sherman) Bentley, Mrs. Edith (Turner) Young.

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1912. Mrs. Mary (Chapman) Smith, Mrs. Clara (Ross) Cooper, Mrs. Gladys (Russell) Turner, Ida D. Runnells, Ruth Bailey, Mrs. Marion (Silsby) Maryotte, Mrs. Flora (Wheeler) Keith.

1913. Gertrude Randall, Frances Phipps, Elsie B. Crossman, Hilda (King) Burns, Miriam R. Turner, Annie E. Locke, C. Margaret Munson, Marion C. Sparrow, Mrs. Carolyn (Nickerson) Eldredge, Alice V. Hulette.

1914. Iva McFadden, Mrs. Bertha (Adams) Snell, Roxie M. Taylor, Marjorie A. Miller, Evelyn W. Perry, Mrs. Catherine (Crawford) Wheeler.

1915. Mrs. Ellen (Gustin) Swift, Sarah T. Place, Ruth Howard, Bertha Bartlett, Mary L. Chapman, Mrs. Esther (Crocker) Swift, Thelma C. Hinckley, Mary G. Morrison.

1916. Mrs. Mary (Gilbert) Flowers, Helen E. Phipps, Mrs. Mayna (Shaw) Goodchild, Ruth E. Forbes, Mrs. May W. (Cullis) Hill, Pauline M. Thomas, Bertha E. Chase, Celia M. Elliot, Mrs. Margaret (Traynor) McKenzie, Evelyn Kimball, Mrs. Ellen (Prophett) McLaughlin, Mabel M. Davol.

1917. Mertice B. Shurtleff, Mrs. Gwendolyn (Cooper) Kalquist, Winifred Gray, Margaret H. Hinckley, E. Frances Eaton.

1918. Sally M. White, Ruth W. Cooper, Ruth Elliott, Shirley Enos, Hilda P. Tiffany, Flora Wilmarth, Mrs. Gladys (Busiere) Besse, Edna Roberts.

1919. Clarissa (Allen) Richardson, Eleanor Flynn, Helen M. Woodward, Katherine Bartlett, Mrs. Dorothy (Bingham) Bishop, Catherine E. Eaton, Mrs. Dorice (Hall) Bailey, Grace Stevens, Mrs. Bessie (Waite) Miller.

1920. Mary A. Humphrey, Helen Thomas, Gertrude L. Andrews, Nellie L. Shaw, Grace E. Turner, Mrs. Doris (Price) Burgess, Mable Stone, Helen D. Higgins, Villa B. Perkins, Doris Bassett, Catherine Crowell, Katherine W. Ball, Gladys Miller, Florence Bullen.

1920. Ruth H. Stretton, Mildred K. Guptill, Margaret Magwood, Doris M. Acheson, Clara Johnson, Ada Stretton.

Undergraduate Members

1922. Katherine Daniels, Flora Douglas, Gertrude Karl, Lillian Duna, Amanda Guptill, Anna Jones, Ruth Rigby, Eleanor Ripley.

1923. Dora Beaton, Frances Nash.



Sigma Theta Phi

(Organized November, 1917. Chartered March, 1919)

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Lena Ardagh, Mary A. Brimley, Florence E. Buckley, Violet Cooper, Florence Coyle, Loretta V. Carr, Grace M. Delahunt, Irene Foley, Evelyn B. Fisher, Hilda R. Hayes.

1919. Madalyn McKenney, Catherine Lynch, Gertrude B. Madden, Mary C. Mahoney, Ellen F. McKenney, Teresa May, Edith L. Sullivan, Mary E. Stanton, Anna L. Walsh.

1920. Nellie Blunt, Alice K. Bailey, Madelyn Burgess, Catherine Finell, Margaret McCarthy, Mary K. McLaughlin, Helena C. Murphy, Lillian I. Reynolds, Mildred A. Reynolds.

1921. Bertha Bockman, Susan F. Hall, Harriet M. Hinchey, Kathryn E. King, Cecil Mae Aloon, Eileen McCarthy, Louise C. Mahoney, Mary E. McCormick, Mary Mooney.

Undergraduates

1922. Eleanor Buckley, Pearl Currier, Eleise B. Doran, Mildred M. Mahoney, Mary M. Phillips, Anna E. Quinn, Gladys C. Reynolds, Esther M. Thomas, Estelle A. White, Carrie M. Worthing, Madelyn Brennan, Esther Sullivan.



Beta Gamma

(Organized 1916. Chartered 1917)

Graduate Members

1916. E. Hope Briggs, Mrs. Laura (Bumpus) Bryant, Mrs. Helen (Lockhart) Sanders, Mrs. Irene (Carmen) Reynolds.

1917. Frances C. Atwood, Dorothy M. Brooks, Pearl M. Comstock, Cecilia M. Eldred, Bertha F. Handy, Mrs. Mildred (Hale) Morss.

1918. Mrs. Marion (Damon) de Lesdernier, Ada L. Hathaway, Mildred D. Hatch, Dorothy C. Herland, Sara E. Holton, Esther B. Ilsley.

1919. Mrs. Vera (Chace) Blackwell, Bessie L. Carroll, Thelma S. Fultz, Mildred E. Jones, Mrs. Ruth (Jones) Gummow.

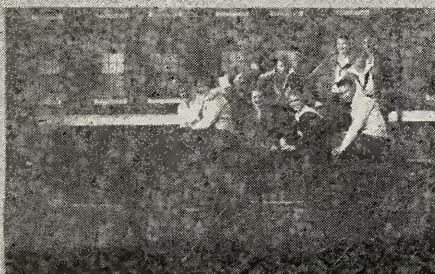
1920. Maude I. Bushee, Helen G. Cobb, Mrs. Merriel (Damon) Chasse, Lucy A. Gattrell, Gertrude Hornby, Grace V. Lindgren, Florence McDonald, Edna F. McNeeland, Helen L. Newton, Grace D. Waterman.

1921. Margaret W. Chase, Helen C. Gifford, Katherine Houth, Doris W. Redding, Sybil Stearns.

Undergraduate Members

1922. Grace A. Bell, Mary Benson, Eleanor E. Booth Jenny T. Boutwell, Edna E. Butterworth, Gertrude Cronk, Catherine C. Fleming, Ida L. Gattrell, Lucy A. Hinsdale, Beatrice M. Lord, Olive L. Minot, Helen A. Pray, Elizabeth Sampson, Beatrice Sherman, Alice J. Story, Elizabeth Worthing.

1923. Louise Bachelder, Beatrice C. Mosgrove.



JOKES



R.V.

BIOLOGY

By John J. Doyle

Around the pond with slimy brink
Where green frogs splash and turtles slink,
My footprints in the ooze I sink;
 But footprints greater I'll leave maybe
 On the sands of fame in biology.

I burrow in the soil that's dense,
For worms of slimy succulence;
My pockets bulge with stock immense
 Of specimens from field and tree,
 Assignments in biology.

Groping through the oozing bog
In quest of dragon-fly and frog,
With genera my mind's agog;
 This perhaps will rewarded be
 By a mark of "A" in biology.

THE POST OFFICE

By Doris Cahoon

Each week-day morn at nine o'clock
The students to the Cottage flock,
And crowd, and crane their necks to see
If in their boxes letters be!

Time after time loud murmurs rise
When in a box a letter lies,
But oftener still a gentle sigh,
When no such fortune greets the eye.

Then from the Cottage comes the throng;
Those with some mail burst into song;
But those without,—the greater part,
Move very sadly, with heavy heart.

Now may this poem a moral teach
And to all distant places reach:
The girls of B. N. S. like mail;
So write tomorrow without fail!

PIRATES

By Henry Goodwin

The setting sun cast black shadows on the rocks all along the beach. The surf surged on the white sand with an angry roar. From behind the rocks came a skulking, ragged figure, brandishing a sword and followed by eleven other wretches, two of them dragging along a bound and battered captive.

"Here we are, Cap'n," said one. "Now what'll we do with the gent?" kicking the now prostrate form.

"Killing is too good for him," said the Captain. "Let's torture him and leave him to his fate on this barren shore. Hot irons are the things!"

A hoarse shout went up and the motley crew scattered to gather driftwood.

"Come on with the irons!" said the Captain in a deep, guttural voice. "Now we'll make the dude squirm!"

This was greeted by coarse laughter.

While two were replenishing the fire, the rest seated themselves around the captive, jeering at him.

"All right, Sir! All hot!"

The Captain took one iron, sizzling and glowing red, and approached the victim. "We'll put his eyes out first," he snarled.

The captive screamed.

Then said the chief, Johnny Jones, in a natural, high, clear voice, "Oh heck! There's me mother calling me to supper. Let's play pirates again tomorrow, fellows!"

C ounting each upon the other,
L aughing some, yet working, too,—
A lways looking for the bright side,
S eldom finding life all blue!
S eniors! hear our message true:

C lass C sends "God-speed" to you!

SENIOR ONE

By Helen D. Regan

In the fall of twenty-one
A class at Normal had begun
To learn to teach and have some fun
And they were labeled Junior One.

This was a class of wonders bright;
They proved to be a shining light;
They worked and played with all their might.
As seniors now they are all right!

The teachers,—they just simply gaze
And as they watch, their eyebrows raise,
For this whole class runs off with A's
And leaves them in a perfect daze.

This class's aim points to the sun
Where it will stay till victory's won;
The world will feel the good that's done
By the wondrous class called Senior One!

THE IDEAL NORMAL GIRL HAS:

Hair like Catherine Finn's,
Eyes like Elizabeth Meagher's,
Mouth like Flora Douglas's,
Teeth like Hyacinth Griffin's,
Complexion like Eleanor Ripley's,
Voice like Rosalind Veazie's,
Physique like Ruth Hunt,
Brains like Frances Nash's,
Artistic ability like Katherine Daniels's,
Disposition like Elizabeth Shaw's,
Personality like Mildred Mahoney's,
Humor like Beatrice McPhee's.

Grace—O Gen, why do you always put on your left shoe last?

Gen—Well, Grace, no matter which one I put on first, the other
is always left.

SENIOR TWO

By Jane G. Broderick

In Senior Two the "gym" line
Is as long as it can be,
For Senior Two has thirty-four
Young ladies, you can see.

Way up at the tallest end,
Our Finny, fair we see,
And Callahan and Boynton,
Who can never hope to be

Down at the short end of the line,
Where girls are four feet ten,—
Dot Copeland and Miss Geiger;—
And Corrinne's there now and then.

While in between these distant ends
Are girls of every type:
Tall and short and thin and stout,—
But every one is bright.

Of athletes we have quite a few,
Ames, Jones, and Gertrude C.,
And dancers dear like Billy Bell,
Connie, and Madelyn B.

And then we have the ones that work
And always keep their place,
Gladys Axtell (she never fails),
E. Booth, and Myrtle Chase.

Many, many girls there are
In our class, Senior Two,
Each one willing to do her part
And prove what she can do.

And they all pull together,
Of course they're bound to win,
For all those girls of Senior Two
Are full of pluck and vim.

Problem—If butter cost 26c a pound, how much can you buy for one cent and a quarter?

Answer—1 pound (a quarter—25c and 1c equals 26c).

“Qui le Dit”?

“Theoretically speaking.”

“Look at Me.”

“Something else.”

“Why are the days becoming coola and coola.”

“You are out of order.”

“Cheap, vulgar, and loud.”

“Where are your picture study note-books?”

“The class is informally dismissed.”

“These games will be in your note-book in such a way—”

“Don’t forget the house meeting tonight.”

“There will be an **important** meeting of the Social Activities Committee in Woodward Reception Room at 7.30.”

“Six months.”

ACROSTIC

My first is in “hockey,” but not in “ball.”

My next is in “coasting,” but not in “sled.”

My third is in “drama,” but not in “scene.”

My fourth is in “pageant,” but not in “stage.”

My fifth is in “jumping,” but not in “goal.”

My last is in “tennis,” but not in “net.”

My whole is the beautiful spot where our sports we enjoy.

SENIOR FOUR

By Mildred Shaw

There is a class in Normal;
It is, of course, the best;
The teachers all adore it,
For it never “flunks” a test.

They are the jolliest of girls,
This class of Senior Four,
And though they have their fun and play,
They study lessons more.

So all in all this class, you see,
Is very, very good.
Some day angelic wings may sprout.
Now don’t you think they should?

Do you wonder at H - - - - 's sweet voice?

Why, she was seen straining her voice through a screen in her room the other day.

A certain miss from South Weymouth is going to specialize in nature study. Even now she can tell you the life history of bees, ants, and anyone from Quincy.

We have a reckless young lady from Vermont in our class. The other day she bought a clock and took it to her roommate and said, "Now, don't be alarmed." Her roommate laughed and said, "Why, how could I? It's a cuckoo!"

Mr. H - - - t (pointing to Amazon Valley)—What is produced in this region, Miss I - - - s?

Miss I - - - s—Nothing; that's the Sahara Desert.

Mr. H - - - t (sarcastically)—Yes, the Amazon River, one of the largest in the world, runs through it; that's what makes it a desert.

Miss L - - - - - g (in Training School)—Come, John, why are you whispering?

John—Because you won't let me talk out loud.

Miss L - n - l - y—What is a reducing agent?

Junior (half asleep)—Dumb-bells.

Miss L - n - l - y—Quite true! I've lost five pounds since I've had this class.

Miss R - - d (after reading a melody)—This one is called "The Dance of the Leaves." Good!—but the stems are crooked.

FROM HERE AND THERE

School Nurse (to little boy)—Your face and hands are dirty.

Boy—Yes, I didn't know you were coming today.

Teacher—Long, long ago there lived a man named Jacob. Jacob was not an American, as we are, he was a Hebrew. Now, children, who can tell me who Jacob was?

Pupil—I know. Jacob was a Homebrew.

THE NORMAL STUDENT

By Katherine Daniels

Once there was a little girl
Fresh from high school days;
She entered Normal with quaking heart
And tried to learn the ways.

When she went up into Chapel,
She was relieved to find
That instead of acting haughty
The Seniors were most kind.

Then she went to reading class
And heard the teacher say,
"Now this row may be awkward geese.
We'll choose the best today."

She tried and was quite awkward there,
But 'twas not hard, you see;
The teacher said she was the best,
For she acted naturally.

Then she went to the garden class
To pick flowers, as she thought;
But oh dear me,—how sad it was!
To like worms she was taught.

And physiography came next
With a box of rocks and all.
"How can I ever learn these names!"
She wailed throughout the hall.

And penmanship was next in line.
She thought that she could write;
But when she came to test herself,
She saw E's all that night.

But now she is a Senior wise,
Her studies she has passed.
Both "Practice School" and "Outside," too;
She has finished all at last.

And in June on Graduation Day,
She so dearly loves the place
That she parts from it with great regret
And with tears upon her face.

IN GEOGRAPHY CLASS

Mr. S - t—Has anyone ever seen the midnight sun?

Miss G - lv - n—Yes! I saw it in Boston when I was home at Christmas.

HEARD IN MUSIC

Miss R - d—Take off your tie and then sing it.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Senior—I have a room in “Till.”

Junior—Until when?

DISCUSSION OF A CERTAIN SCIENTIFIC POINT

Miss C - f - f - y—O Mr. S - t, I told that to a girl and she said I was crazy.

Mr. S - t—That’s right.

CLEVER?

Miss Mc - C - y—Why does a chicken fly around after its head is cut off?

Miss C - pe - n - d—Because it’s looking for its head.

Pupil in Grade 6—The nurse said, I have just one capacity in my teeth.

OVERHEARD IN CORRIDOR

1st Student—That’s a bad cold you have. Are you doing anything for it?

2nd Student—Not yet. I’m in hopes that it will get bad enough to be good for an absence slip.

WOES OF JUNIOR I

If e’er we make the least mistake, or err, by chance a trifle,
Our rival classmates look amazed and feign a gasp to stifle.
And if we should, by chance, neglect our lessons for some fun,
Our teachers say with much disgust, “And this is Junior I.”

Mr. S - t—The days and nights are equal at the equator, but the night seems shorter. Why?

Miss Finn—I suppose because the people are asleep.

Comments, of course, you have made on these jokes,
But it's not only comments we want from you folks;
If you have jokes better than those you find here,
You had better attempt to contribute next year.

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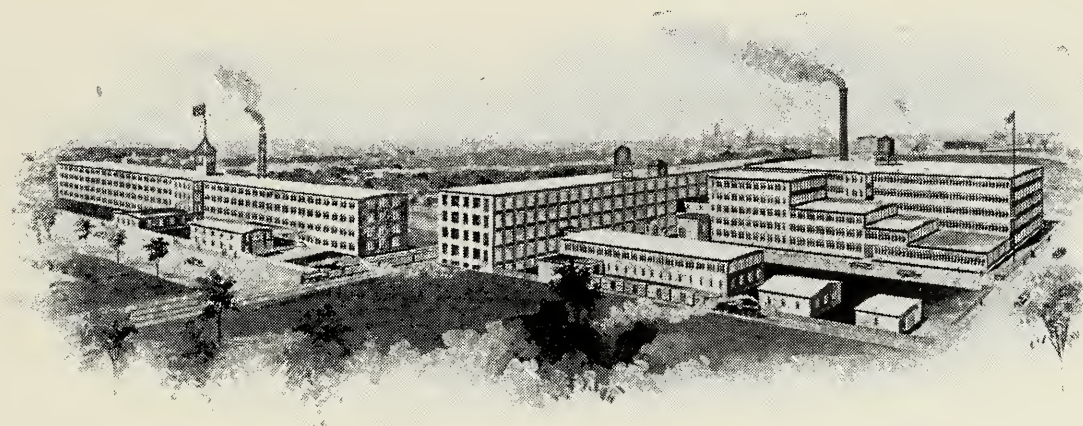
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